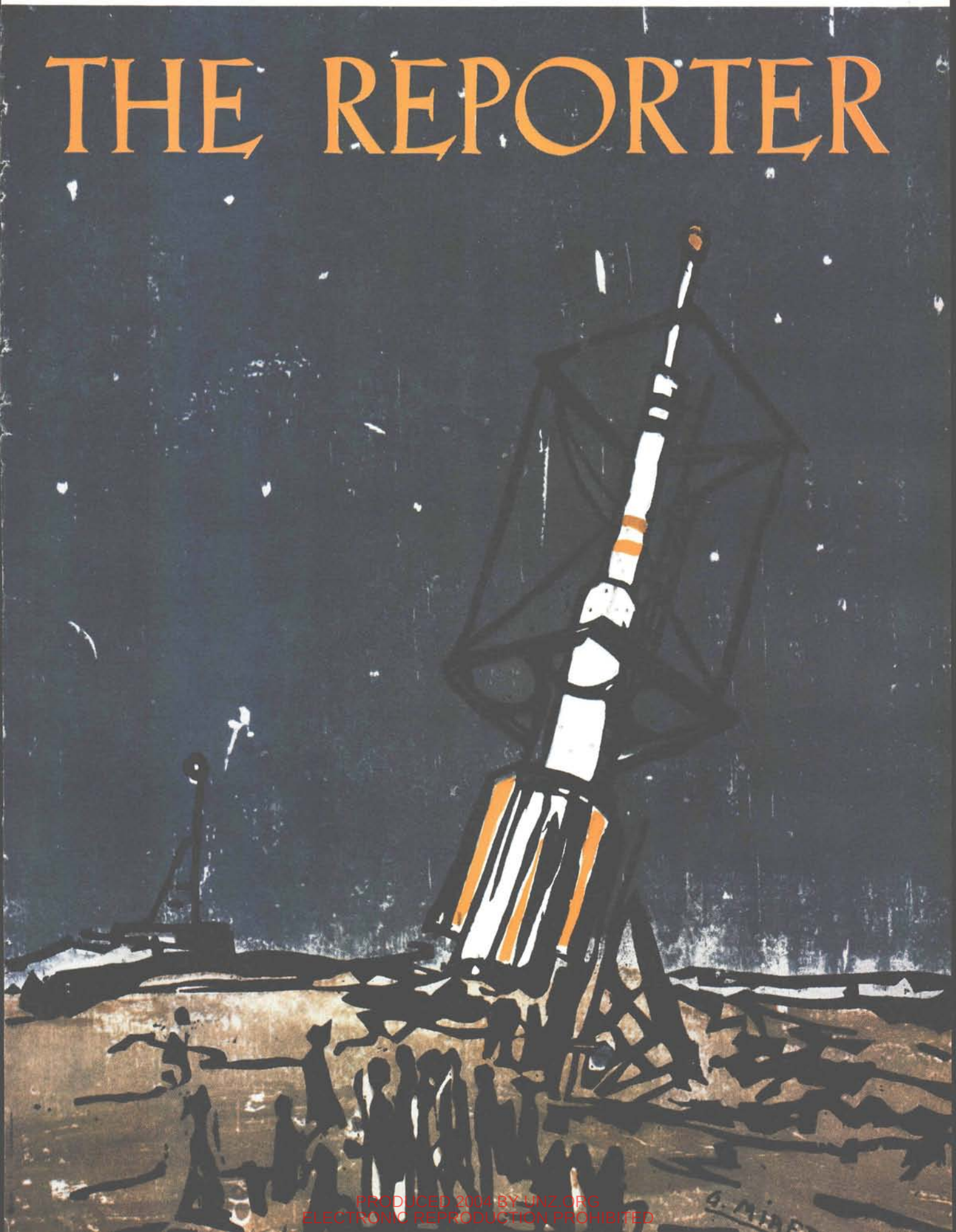
PILOTS, MISSILEMEN, AND ROBOTS

CDC February 6, 1958 25¢

Foreign Aid: Misspent, Mislabeled, and Misunderstood

THE REPORTER



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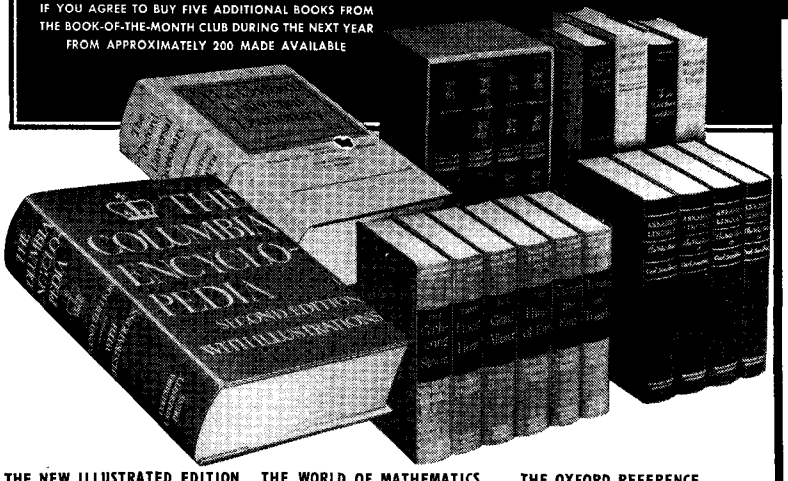

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

And What a Goof!

Marshal Bulganin's December letter to the President, as our editorial points out, has never been released by the State Department. We were rather bewildered when we became aware of this, and so will our readers be, if they remember the following episode at the January 15 Presidential news conference:

Q.: Have you considered asking Prime Minister Bulganin to publish your letter, as a first step so that the—

A.: I think it says in the letter. I think if you will read the letter, if you did—

Q.: I did, sir.

A.: All right. It said, "I hope that this letter will have the same publicity in Russia that we gave yours," as I recall. Now, maybe in one draft that might have gone out, but that is the way I remember it.

[The President confers with James C. Hagerty, press secretary.]

THE PRESIDENT: Sorry, I have apparently made a goof. Isn't that in the letter?

MR. HAGERTY: No, sir.

Later on the President added: "I would hope that my letter got exactly the same degree of publicity in the Soviet areas that theirs has received in ours . . ."

At first, the episode did not seem so striking. True, we had no clear recollection of the Bulganin letter. But then, we thought, who can keep up with that maniacal letter writer, anyway? It surely must be in the New York *Times*. We looked, but there was no Bulganin text, only a news story from Washington on December 11 to the effect that "A letter from Moscow, described by the Russians as 'very important' and by the State Department as a mischief-maker, was delivered here tonight for President Eisenhower." There followed a very short summary of the letter and some comments by the Russian ambassador, who had delivered it.

We then called the *Times* and were told that the full text, transmitted by Reuters as released by Tass, had indeed been published, but only in the city edition, which reaches only about one-tenth of the *Times's* readers. Finally, we called the press section of the State Department, and were told that the Bulganin letter had never been released.

OF COURSE it was not particularly difficult to get a copy of the mischievous document that the State Department had, so to speak, classified. Anybody who took the trouble to fish out a copy of the city edition of the *Times* could do the same. In fact, James Reston of the *Times* and Chalmers Roberts of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, to mention only two, commented on some passages of the unreleased letter.

We found the document on the whole rather readable, and not oversized. It has little if any of the threatening tone that marks Bulganin's similar letters to the heads of government of other nations. The Russian premier, adopting a tone more of sorrow than of anger, goes so far as to give our President some advice on how, in our own interest, we should behave with our allies—which certainly is very thoughtful of him.

"It is doubtful," he writes, "whether this policy [of giving tactical atomic weapons to the NATO allies] can result in any strengthening of the relations between the United States and its European allies. The opposite is more likely, for, in the final analysis, no country can be satisfied with a situation where it is compelled to sacrifice its independence for the

(*Continued on Page 6*)

LUNIFIED COMMAND

The lights of the Pentagon burned until late
As the Chiefs of Staff worked themselves into a state.
They argued from morning to midnight to noon
As to which of the three should take over the moon.

"The moon is terrain, Sirs!" the Army chief shouted,
"It's land to be occupied, foes to be routed.
There isn't a question, the Lunar Command
Is ours to be shouldered and ours to be manned!"

Then up spoke the Air Force and said with a hoot,
"And how will the Army arrive there, on foot?
And how do you figure supplies will get there
If the moon isn't under the aegis of Air?"

"You two," cried the Navy, "are missing the boat!
If you knew your astronomy well, you would note
That the moon, as the power controlling the tide,
Demands that the Navy alone must preside!"

And so they continued till far in the night
As the moon, still unoccupied, shone on their plight
And wondered half-smiling how long it would be
Before there was one where there used to be three.

—SEC

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A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN

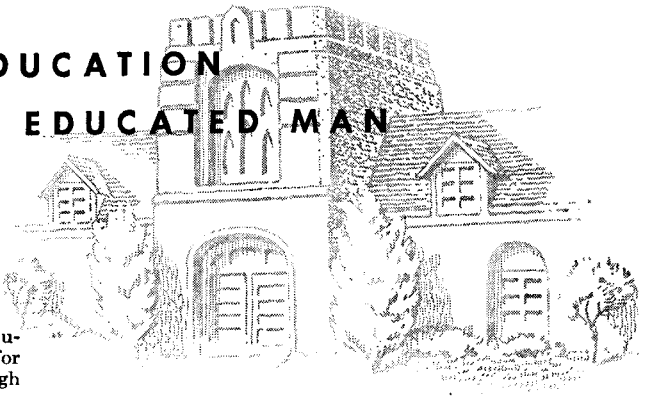
A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
EDITOR, THE SYNTOPICON

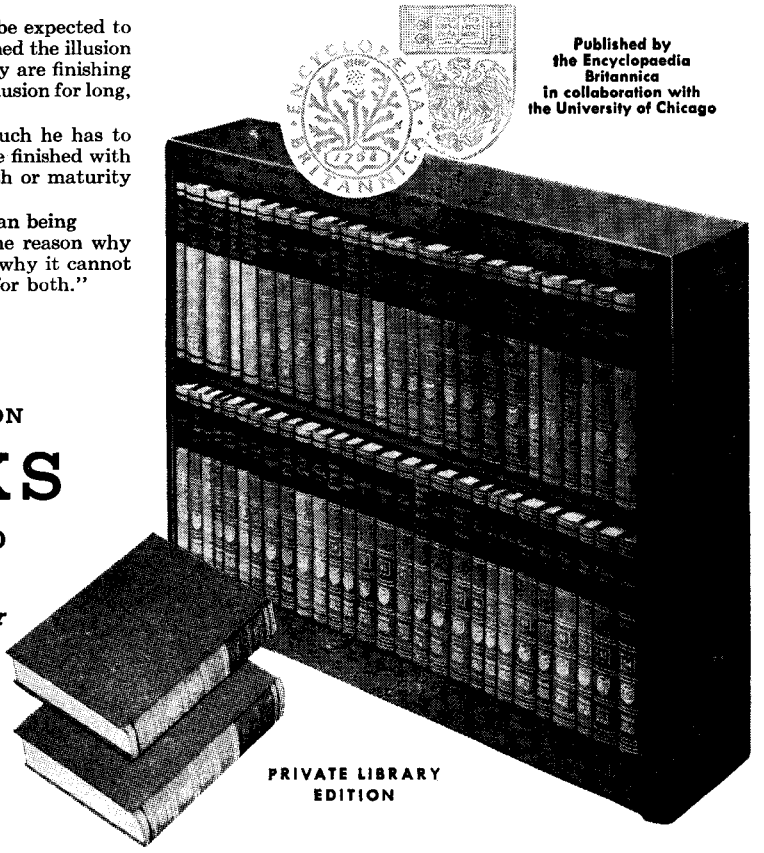
"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."





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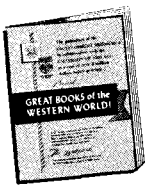

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Heads of State

Perennial candidates for the French premiership: (in foreground) Bourgès-Maunoury; (bottom to top in basket) Mendès-France, Schuman, Faure; Pinay (in white tie rushing to claim his place in line behind) Mollet (with glasses), Mayer, and (mounting to the top step) Félix Gaillard—who recently appealed for parliamentary support, "if only for a few months."

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sake of strategic plans alien to its national interests, and to run the risk of taking the counter-blow upon itself because of foreign military bases on its territory." Marshal Bulganin knows a great deal about the relations between a major power and its allies.

The old man even tries to be caustic: "Has not the experience of international relations in the last decade shown the belief that peace and security may be insured . . . through a policy of brinkmanship to be utterly unfounded?"

WHY the State Department refused to release the document we do not pretend to know. But there seems to be no doubt that the President, while reading the various drafts of his answer to Bulganin, was led to believe that the Bulganin letter had been widely distributed in this country. Indeed, he was so proud of the sentence he had recited that he insisted on stating his belief once more.

Of course, Jim Hagerty knew it all, and, in a long briefing session with the President before that very press conference—if we are to believe a lyrical cover story in *Time* magazine—failed to mention that the Bulganin letter had not been released.

Yet if the two letters are compared, the advantage unquestionably lies with the one that went out over the President's name. To the President must go the credit for having found the right word for the whole sorry matter.

The Double Edge

Four years ago in Caracas, Venezuela, the Juridical Political Committee of the tenth Inter-American Conference voted a ringing "declaration of solidarity for the preservation of the political integrity of the American states against international Communist intervention."

The document cited "The faith of the peoples of America in the effective exercise of representative democracy as the best means to promote their social and political progress." The declaration was signed by seventeen nations, including Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and the Conference's host, Venezuela. Perón's Argentina, for reasons best known to itself, abstained. Costa Rica boycotted the entire Conference, protesting that Venezuela was a military dictatorship.

Unfortunately, a number of Latin-American governments have depended on U.S. arms rather than representative democracy to keep themselves in power. U.S. arms were an important factor in prolonging Venezuela's military dictatorship under General Marcos Pérez Jiménez. Inevitably the result has been a certain amount of confusion and resentment.

Speaking of the casualties in the recent uprising that drove Pérez Jiménez from the country, former President Romulo Betancourt has said: "He who machine guns an unarmed people with weapons manufactured in the United States is as much a criminal as he who machine guns them with weapons made in Russia."

Pérez Jiménez has found refuge in the Dominican Republic, where Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo is also receiving arms from the United States. Another dictator, Fulgencio Batista of Cuba, is using American weapons against his enemies.

The only consolation is that weapons sometimes change hands. But it is a bloody process and one that is very costly to the prestige of the United States.

GIVE ME LIBERTY

ERIC SEVAREID

This is about Alphonse J. Dulle, assistant foreman in the pressroom at the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. I was once a copy boy with occasional duties in a similar pressroom and I am not surprised that Mr. Dulle is a pressroom boss. They are men of a certain breed, entirely capable of instructing a big-eyed copy boy to tell that lily-fingered managing editor so-and-so to come down and run these so-and-so presses himself if he don't like it.

I have had Alphonse J. Dulle on my mind for several weeks now, because a lot of hopes ride with Mr. Dulle. He is engaged in a struggle over his front-yard mailbox; and in some ways the outcome will be just as vital to America and its traditional way of life as the outcome of Secretary McElroy's struggle to reorganize the Pentagon.

The clipping about Mr. Dulle has been lying in front of me for a long time, but other things were always interfering—the State of the Union speech, rockets, Khrushchev, and Secretary Dulles, who spells his name almost the same as Mr. Dulle but is probably no relation. The clipping reads as follows: "St. Louis, January 3. Alphonse J. Dulle's neighbors filed suit today for two thousand dollars damages because his mailbox is white with black lettering. They want the court to force him to paint it black with white lettering like all others in the twenty-two house development."

Well, the other day, Khrushchev, Secretary Dulles, and the other distractions seemed quiescent and I couldn't stand it any longer, anyway, so I put in a call to St. Louis. Pressrooms are noisy places, so I called the house and got Mrs. Dulle. There was a cagy note of suspicion in her voice, and I wasn't surprised. After all, anyone who has been ambushed by her own neighbors is not going to give her trust to total strangers, just like that.

Clearly, the Dulles are an embattled family and I gathered they were not enjoying their lonely if lofty isolation. But, as Mrs. Dulle told me Mr. Dulle keeps saying to her, there just comes a time when if a man can't call his home his own, he can't call his soul his own and he's just got to fight it out.

A man can't very well stand guard with a shotgun any more, but he can hire a lawyer, the modern equivalent, so Mr. Dulle has done that. Twice, said Mrs. Dulle, her husband has moved the mailbox, but the trustees of the development—these are owned, not rented properties—still weren't satisfied. They not only want the color changed; they want the box on a black metal rack, like the others, instead of on what they call an unfinished wooden post. Actually, it's a creosoted post, Mrs. Dulle explained.

The court hasn't acted yet; so we don't yet know whether, in the eyes of American justice, a group of Americans have, singly or collectively, been damaged materially, socially, or spiritually because one among them has dared to be different. But we can report that the Dulles are not entirely forsaken in their lonely eminence. They have been getting letters from around the country and, said Mrs. Dulle, "every one of them's on our side."

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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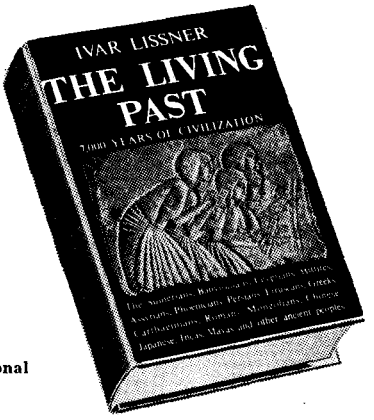

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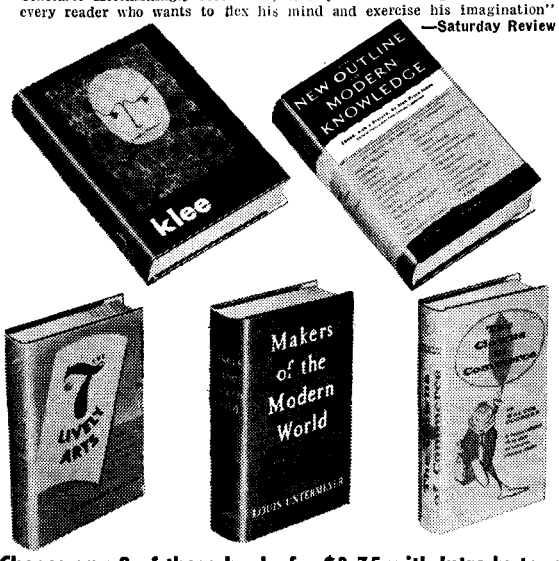

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CORRESPONDENCE

ON SCIENTIFIC SECRECY

To the Editor: I have read William S. Fairfield's article "The High Cost of Scientific Secrecy" (*The Reporter*, January 9) with great interest and congratulate him on bringing out so forcefully the inanities of some of our government security and classification practices.

TREVOR GARDNER
Chairman and President
Hycon Manufacturing Company
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Fairfield's article on the dangers of scientific secrecy was one of the few enlightened articles of the post-Sputnik era. His report was a strong argument for lifting many of the oppresive security bans on scientists and the flow of scientific information.

While the many suggestions for greater scientific education in our schools might influence our achievements in a decade, the need for accomplishment is now.

ALAN TERNES
Detroit

NATO's NEW LEASE

To the Editor: I have been repeatedly impressed by your combined abilities to present a total and pertinent view of important issues to your readers.

Your editorial in the January 9 issue ("New Lease on Life for NATO") exemplified this characteristic to such an extent that I was compelled to write and offer you my congratulations.

It is an unexpected pleasure in these days to find a publication that is big enough and rational enough to give credit where it is due. I am not one of those you mentioned in a previous issue over whom Mr. Eisenhower has any kind of hold, but it is educational to learn about the few times when he expresses the leadership inherent in the office of the President.

Perhaps we can hope that the remainder of Mr. Eisenhower's term will be notable for additional tendencies in this direction, and that *The Reporter* will continue to keep the "unheld" up to date.

WILLIAM J. HESSION, JR.
Cornell University

GALILEO AND OPPENHEIMER

To the Editor: Your Editorial ("Minds on Trial") and Giorgio de Santillana's article "Galileo and J. Robert Oppenheimer" in the December 26 issue are among the most exciting pieces I have read in a long time. Indeed, coming at the end of the year, they may be said to crown the work of *The Reporter*, in many respects America's liveliest and boldest magazine in the realm of politics and ideas.

The Galileo articles vindicate *The Reporter's* basic approach as I see it; namely, that for an understanding of politics, history properly used casts the steadiest light, and that in fact without a historical perspective contemporary events seem merely sensational or meaningless. When you remark that the treatment of Oppenheimer was "pitiful" rather than "infamous for there is always an element of deliberate evil in infamy and, sometimes, of greatness," you put a wealth of mankind's intellectual experience into one sentence. As for Professor de Santillana's essay, it tells us what is significant about Galileo and Oppenheimer for our time, and the brilliant comparison of the two trials is an intellectual tour de force. To me, one of the most memorable conclusions of the Santiliana piece is that the Inquisition was relatively mild compared to its recent American counterpart. In the case of Galileo, his condemnation was basically a "formal" one; it was tacitly understood that, after certain formalities, he could go on with his work, as he did, quietly. In the case of an Oppenheimer, the aim is to destroy a man's usefulness by destroying his reputation.

In conclusion, I would say that I, for one, have been heartened by this reading about Galileo. Why? Because Galileo still lives—and, likewise, Oppenheimer is not permanently silenced. But for how long will the scared little men who condemned them be remembered?

SAUL K. PADOVER
New York

To the Editor: In your December 26 issue, on the basis of the Oppenheimer case, you write in your editorial: "Everybody is a slave in Soviet Russia but the scientists. Here, everybody is free and only the scientists are kept on the leash."

Have you stopped to think what would have happened to a Dr. Oppenheimer in Soviet Russia if he had consorted with spies for a capitalist country; had donated money to anti-Soviet or pro-American causes; had deliberately lied to the MVD in the course of a security check; and finally if, for whatever high-minded reasons, he had caused delay in the Soviet H-bomb program?

The nonsense now being written about Soviet scientists is nauseating to those who know how many of them (along with historians, literary critics, philosophers) have perished in torture chambers and slave camps; how many of them have been forced to work and produce under constraints ranging from house arrest to laboratories inside prisons.

Let's hope some naïve Soviet scientist doesn't try, in an experimental mood, to test the freedom you think he enjoys by defending some Soviet Oppenheimer or lambasting some policy of the Kremlin in the scientific area.

Soviet scientists are not slaves—as long as they keep strictly out of political affairs and the realm of ideas not directly related to their special scientific field. One wrong intellectual step and their freedom is exposed for the fraud that it is. I wonder how many free-world scientists, even in the light of the Oppenheimer case, would settle for that kind of freedom.

EUGENE LYONS
Pleasantville, New York

THE ICONOCLAST ON NBC

To the Editor: During his stints on NBC's radio show *Nightline*, Mort Sahl, all unwittingly, has been refuting one portion of Nat Hentoff's otherwise accurate and entertaining portrait of "The Iconoclast in the Night Club" (*The Reporter*, January 9). We refer, of course, to Mr. Hentoff's statement that NBC wouldn't risk using him. The fact is that we've been living dangerously with Mort for the past two months—Tuesday and Thursday evenings—which is proof that we're not "afraid." Nervous, yes, but not afraid.

PETER LASSALLY
Producer, *Nightline*

THREE BRAVOS

To the Editor: Today's citizen, striving to understand and spur the nation's advance, must, above all things, stand well and broadly informed. *The Reporter*, with uncommon forthrightness and refreshing challenge, touches off charges in the mind which send the reader in search of fair and sensible solutions.

Many thanks to you and *The Reporter* for helping me to shun the precooked opinion and the stock answer which, more often than not, fail to fit the terrible urgency of the times.

NORMAN READER, President
Pozzy-Reader Public Relations, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: Bravo and hearty congratulations on the interview with Camus in the November 28 issue of *The Reporter* ("The Obstinate Confidence of a Pessimistic Man," Albert Camus interviewed by Jean Bloch-Michel).

Camus sent me a copy of the interview as it appeared in *Demain*, and I was delighted to see it appear so promptly here.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN
New York

To the Editor: Please accept my congratulations on your December 26 issue. I thought "Topolski's Chronicle" was a brilliant innovation for *The Reporter*.

BEN SHAHN
Roosevelt, New Jersey

MUST THE SOIL BANK FAIL?

To the Editor: Carroll Kilpatrick's article "The Soil Bank Deserves a Better Trial" (*The Reporter*, December 26) proposes, in the long run, the wrong solution for a serious problem.

The author admits that we have today an excessive surplus of farm products, and that this excessive surplus was created by an agricultural technology.

However, he then advocates . . . a program (the soil bank) that will keep in existence the very farmers who produced the present surplus, and who will, if kept in existence and allowed to function, produce future surpluses. In other words, the public is not only paying a million dollars a day to preserve the present surplus, but according to the author should pay even more to preserve farmers who will create more surpluses.

WILLIAM CARLEY
Milwaukee

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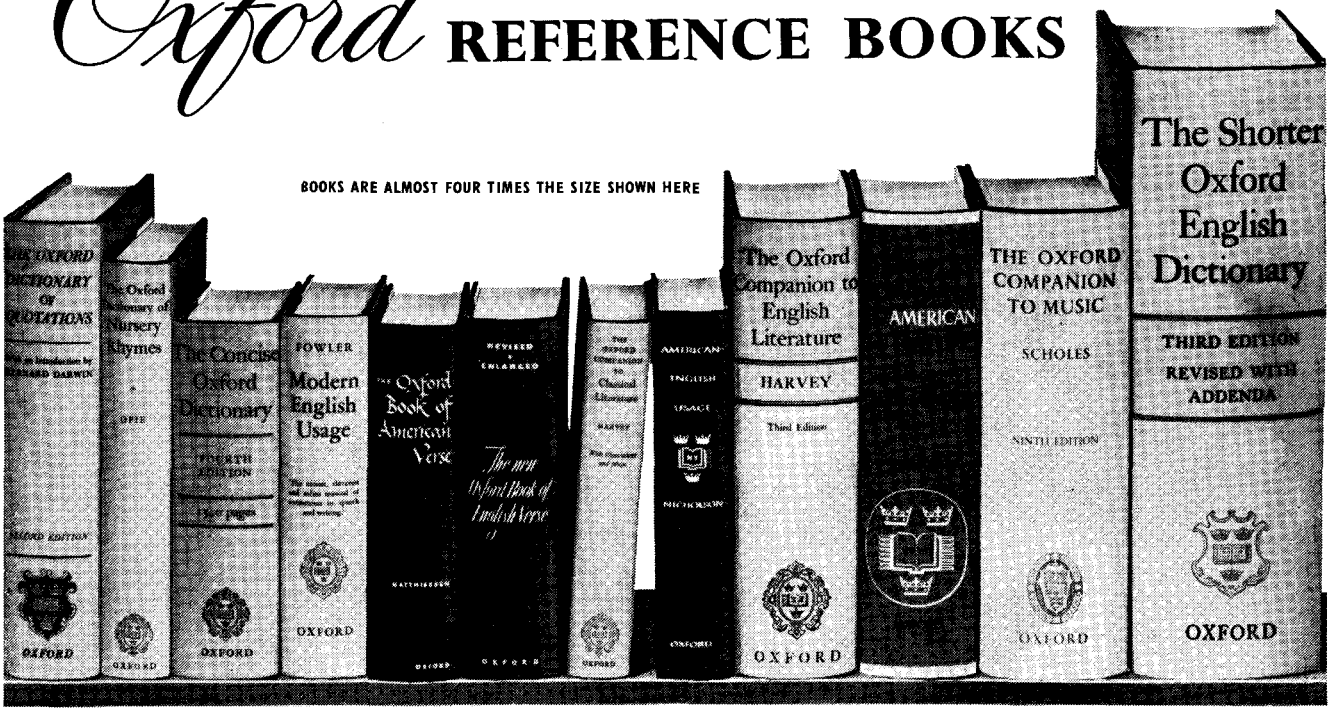

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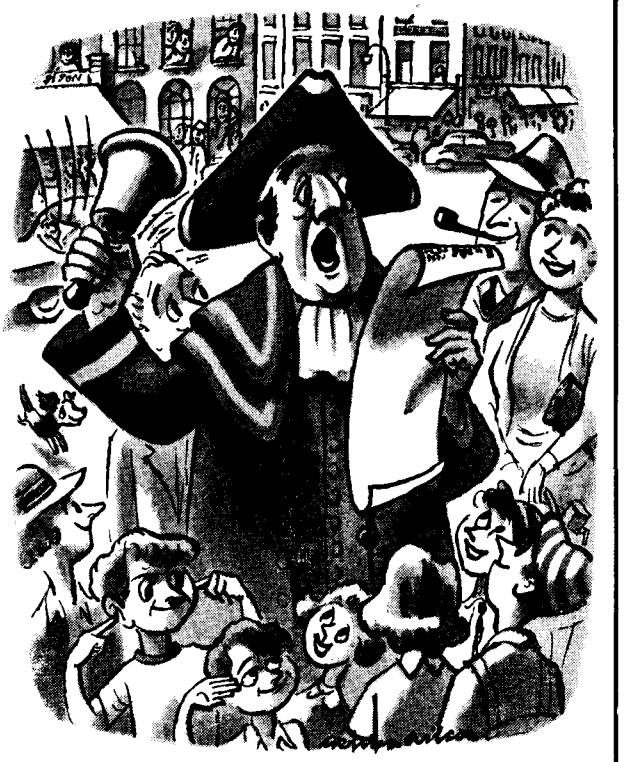
WHO—
WHAT—
WHY—

ONCE AGAIN we are glad to have the opportunity of praising something the administration has done: in this case it is provided by the President's letter to Bulganin. The heart of this document contains some of the most daring and timely proposals made by any government in this tragic period of international conflict. We know there is nothing more difficult than to convey a sense of urgency about the tragic situation that our country and the whole of mankind now faces. The idea of total disaster is something that our minds seem unable to grasp. **Max Ascoli's** editorial is precisely on this theme, and his reasoning is supported by two professional soldiers who are not supposed to be softies: Dwight Eisenhower and Omar Bradley. General Bradley's admirable statement was made in a speech last November. . . . **Paul Jacobs,** one of our staff writers, and **Robert C. Albrook,** of the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* have been looking into the missiles situation. Mr. Jacobs's article considers our missiles as one part of the Air Force program—a program that can be understood only if we realize the special conditions under which the Air Force has developed, and the absolute faith our airmen have in air power—a faith to which their sacrifice has only too frequently testified. The paradox and the tragedy of the Air Force, as Mr. Jacobs's article implies, is that it has reached the zenith of its power and, at the same time, is confronted by the danger of having overreached itself. Mr. Albrook's report on our missiles is not discouraging but it does little to dispel the adverse criticism that has been leveled against some missiles, particularly from abroad.

Representative Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin) is a member of the House International Operations subcommittee. . . . **William Korey,** free-lance writer, specializes in intergroup relations. . . . **S. L. Shneiderman** is a Polish-born journalist.

Lois Phillips Hudson is a young California housewife. . . . **Stanley Kauffmann,** novelist and playwright, is a consulting editor at Ballantine Books. . . . **Morris Philipson** teaches at Hunter College in New York. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is a frequent contributor on musical subjects. . . . **Alfred Kazin** is the author of *On Native Grounds* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Eugene Burdick** is the author of *The Ninth Wave* (Houghton Mifflin). . . . **Warren G. Bovée** is using his leave of absence from the Marquette University College of Journalism to work with our staff. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** is Professor of Economics at Harvard.

Our cover is by **Gil Miret**. . . . The cartoon, "Heads of State," is by **Justin Murray.**



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We Cannot Put Off Salvation

WHERE CAN WE find a reasonable chance of making some progress in our negotiations with Russia? Which should come first: reduction of the tension that has produced the armament race, or a slowing down of the armament race that has produced the tension? During these last few years we have been going round and round, but the answer has remained the same: both come first. Lately it has become fashionable to say that we must proceed one step at a time, tackling, with all purposeful slowness, one small territorial or weapons problem after another in the hope of moving ahead to larger and more complex ones. Easy does it.

Yet during the last few months, missiles and nuclear warheads and Sputnik penetration into outer space have shown the fantastic disproportion between the actual means and the conceivable ends of warfare. If there is any sense left in the world both we and the Russians should engage in immediate negotiation to bar war in outer space. This is exactly what the President has suggested in answering Marshal Bulganin's letter—a letter that, incidentally, the State Department never saw fit to release. "Both the Soviet Union and the United States," the President wrote, "are now using outer space for the testing of missiles designed for military purposes. The time to stop is now. . . . Should not outer space be dedicated to the peaceful uses of mankind and denied to the purposes of war? That is my proposal."

Strangely enough the letter to Bulganin found most of our press just about as unresponsive as it had been a few weeks earlier on the occasion of the NATO meeting. This time, however, there was a difference, for the listless reception given the President's proposals could find some justification in the fact that they were wrapped in provisos that seemed designed to make them inoperative. Or maybe the Presidential legal draftsman put them in as points on which to bargain.

The Ultimate Automation

We have become accustomed to speak complacently about the balance of terror as the equivalent of the balance of power. There are people who still talk blandly about a stalemate in the armament race and the advantages of a reciprocal deterrent—as if there could be a stalemate in so furious a race, as if the nuclear and atomic weapons that each side aims at the other could allow any lasting deterrence. Actually, with due respect to Sir Winston who coined the phrase, the only thing the balance of terror has in common with the balance of power is the word "balance."

The rest is madness. We have become inured to this madness, and no one has put it better than General Bradley: "If I am sometimes discouraged, it is not by the magnitude of the problem, but by our colossal indifference to it. I am unable to understand why—if we are willing to trust in reason as a restraint on the use of a ready-made ready-to-fire bomb—we do not make greater, more diligent and more imaginative use of reason and human intelligence in seeking an accord and compromise which will make it possible for mankind to control the atom and banish it as an instrument of war."

If we make only a very modest attempt at a more diligent use of our reason, we cannot help realizing that the weapons system both countries are feverishly developing lends itself less and less to the control of human intelligence, no matter whether it is the intelligence of good men or bad men, of responsible or of tyrannical leaders. The weapons system on which both nations are becoming increasingly dependent, with all its self-regulating electronic and nuclear devices, is a gigantic step toward the ultimate perfection of automation: the automation of death.

The greater the danger of total war between the two major powers, the greater are the obstacles to any change in the international order of things. For the Russians this immobility has been particularly oppressive, since their power in contrast to ours is aggressive and disruptive. Less than a year after they manufactured their first atomic bomb, Communist armies marched into South Korea. Since then there have been endless warnings about more and more Koreas to come. None has. After that most decisive yet wasted war, no more Communist divisions have marched into a neighboring country.

But Communism could hardly afford to stay contained. It had to try new invasions. Lately it succeeded,

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when Sputnik established a Soviet claim on outer space. The vigor of the American reaction, the advocacy on the part of an otherwise exceedingly sensible Congressional leader of total—obviously American—control of outer space, all this must have given Khrushchev and Company the evidence that once again Soviet expansion would be counteracted.

At this particular juncture, the President's proposal to Bulganin for stopping—and now—the traffic of military missiles through outer space could not have been better timed. The President also suggested that the two great powers "progressively eliminate weapons which could destroy, through fall-out, vast segments of human life."

If, as the President himself emphasizes, negotiations for keeping outer space out of bounds start immediately, then the ludicrous reversal of roles between ourselves and the Russians will come to an end. For years we talked about brinkmanship, while the Russians consistently practiced it, threatening to send volunteers to Egypt, deluging the NATO nations with Bulganin letters, and even managing, just a few weeks ago, to create a brink on the Turkish border. In the same way, we are still debating about limited war while they have acquired the means to wage it, as the November military parade in Moscow has shown. However, they do not approve of limited war, for they say it will inevitably lead to total war. With equal vigor they decry total war, while getting ahead of us by producing the most appalling weapons to wage it. They say most of the things we should say, do most of the things we leave undone, and keep mum on some of the subjects, such as "massive retaliation," our leaders, until a short time ago, used to blab about.

Priority Number One

Perhaps, after all, it is good that they got into outer space ahead of us. They surely know by now that they cannot stay up there alone, and that no matter whether we join them today or tomorrow, in greater or in lesser strength, the only sensible thing to do is to leave those dismally cold places and come down closer to earth. Practically, this is what the President wrote to Bulganin. The implication of what he said is that the use of outer space for warlike purposes is an act of war against mankind. This was already true of nuclear-weapons tests. It has become incontrovertible since the Russians, driven by their urge to expand, found a celestial equivalent for a new Korea.

They have much more to learn, many more restraints to accept than we, for the nature of their political order is both convulsive and aggressive. For us to renounce the warlike use of outer space means to give up some old delusions about victory through air power—plus the delusion about ultimate, absolute victory through the use of ultimate, absolute weapons. The Russians have a much larger number of absolutes to get rid of.

We are huddled together—we and they—on this life-bearing planet. To be sure, we do not like each other. But do we—or they—want to extinguish life?

The conclusion is what the President has said: There must be no war in outer space, which means that there must be no missiles traveling there. We must produce the best possible intercontinental and intermediate missiles and then be ready to scrap them if the Russians actually do the same. This sounds mad, but it is not even a fraction as mad as what otherwise lies ahead of all mankind.

Negotiations with the Russians for the abolition of these weapons, as well as of nuclear bombs, is infinitely more urgent than negotiation for the settlement of political or territorial controversies anywhere. In fact, the present causes of conflict between the East and the West have become somewhat trivial because of the fantastic disproportion between military means and political ends.

This is why it was unfortunate that the President once again put such emphasis on the reunification of Germany. To be sure, it is regrettable that this nation remains divided. The internal condition of the countries of eastern Europe is equally regrettable. But of the various disengagements that are talked about these days, none is even remotely as urgent as disengagement from outer space.

The downgrading of political and territorial controversies does not imply that the domestic state of affairs in countries ravaged by Communism is acknowledged as legitimate and permanent. Rather, we accept a moratorium on the solution of political difficulties between nations, and prepare ourselves for the time when international politics, with something like a manageable balance of power, may start operating again.

Even the once-towering importance of ideological conflicts is now dwarfed. Are the Russians still thinking of a world-wide state, a sort of World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—a state that, in due course, will wither away? Are we really convinced that the destiny of nations all over the world will be unfailingly and happily settled by letting people everywhere enjoy free and unfettered elections?

THERE CAN BE no better way of testing our faith in freedom than by tackling *now* the task the President has just outlined. What this task demands of us is staggering. We must go on devising new weapons in order to make negotiable the stopping of their production. We must be fully prepared for any kind of war, total, limited, and conventional, yet keep our preparedness retractable and our economy convertible. This requires a gigantic intellectual effort on the part of government, business, and labor. It is going to be hard on every man and woman here and everywhere, but, as Omar Bradley has said, "How long . . . can we put off salvation?"

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Pilots, Missilemen, and Robots

PAUL JACOBS

"WE BELIEVE," states the introductory section of a "Speakers Guide" summarizing "the United States Air Force Basic Doctrine," issued in 1955, "that this nation's influence in international affairs is strengthened or weakened by the state of its air force . . . that by exploiting the great versatility of air forces it is possible to gain decisive results in support of our national policies in all forms of international relations—including full peace, cold war, limited wars of all kinds or total war . . . That free people are best able to counter aggression—whenever, wherever and however it threatens them—only when they have adequate air forces and those air forces are employed properly . . . That the Air Force must remain dedicated to the task of providing the basic military strength to preserve freedom, in concert with the other Armed Services and in partnership with the American people and the allies . . ."

The other armed services have made similar and equally categorical claims, but certainly the Air Force has been more successful in its appeal to the imagination of the American people and in its requests for funds. Its ascendancy over the Army and Navy has grown in direct relation to the growth of our international responsibilities. While the Air Force has achieved its aim of being considered the most decisive branch of our armed services for the purposes of deterring and punishing aggression, its concept of warfare is basically unchanged. It has constantly placed an overwhelming emphasis on annihilating targets far behind enemy lines by means of the most destructive weapons delivered by the fastest carriers.

"THE HOSTILE main army in the field is a false objective," said Billy Mitchell more than a quarter century ago, "and the real objectives are the vital centers. The old theory that victory meant the destruction of the hostile army is untenable. Armies themselves can be disregarded by air power if a rapid strike is made against the opposing centers."

Mitchell was the first American military pilot to preach the cause of air power as the instrument "to gain decisive results." There is little difference between his beliefs and those stated in our day by General Curtis E. LeMay: "Once you have won the air battle, then there is no doubt about the outcome—the ultimate decision. You may or may not have to go on and destroy other military forces in being and resources, but the survival of one nation's air power over that of another decides the issue."

Victory Through Air Power

The concepts of strategic warfare and the function of independent air power first loomed up in the minds of military pilots who flew the Jennies, Spads, DH4s, and Fokkers in the First World War. An Italian general, Giulio Douhet, became their Clausewitz by conceiving of the warplane as something more than just another weapon in the arsenal of the army and navy.

The U.S. Army Air Force between 1919 and 1939 followed three paramount trends. These were: "the effort to establish an independent air force, the development of a doctrine of strategic bombardment, and the search for a heavy bomber by which that doctrine could be applied." In its struggle for autonomy and prestige, the Air Force placed all its emphasis on air power's capability to decide the outcome of the battle, just as after 1890 the Navy had argued for Admiral Mahan's doctrine that sea power and the building of a large navy was the key to survival.

After gaining a quasi-separate status in 1935, the Air Force finally became independent of the Army after the Second World War. Independence strengthened the Air Force's conviction, shared by the airmen of most other countries, that strategic air power was capable of becoming the greatest deterrent force in peace and the deciding factor in any military struggle.

But victory in the Second World War was certainly not brought about by strategic bombing alone, and without the atom bomb the theories of Douhet and Mitchell might have had to stand the test of severe revision. The Air Force had no doubt that the atom bomb answered the requirements of strategic bombing. The same requirements also demanded an air fleet capable of carrying destruction into the enemy heartland.

Ever since the Strategic Air Command was first established it has enjoyed paramount status in the Air Force over the Air Defense Command, charged with defending the continental United States, and the Tactical Air Command, charged mainly with supporting ground troops.

Believing that superbombers are its backbone, the Air Force has reserved its most enthusiastic support for those technological advances which promised to increase the striking power of strategic bombing.

Why Bother with Jets?

Does it help inflict the most crushing blow on the enemy with the most far-reaching means of delivery? This is the question the Air Force has persistently asked of every technological advance. It has had little or no patience with new devices that, particularly at the beginning, failed to increase the destructive power of the weapon or the distance to which it could be delivered. This was the case with jet engines.

When jets were first devised before the Second World War, military air services—not only in the

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United States—showed little interest in them. At that time jet engines required enormous amounts of fuel, and their range was much more limited than that of conventional piston-engined equipment. The jet engine had been conceived in England by Frank Whittle of the Royal Air Force in 1929, but there was so little interest in it that the patent for it was never even put on the "secret" list and was published throughout the world. In 1935 Whittle let his patent lapse when the British Air Ministry refused to pay the five pounds necessary to renew it. In the end an investment from a banking firm brought about the further development of the engine, and it was not until after the outbreak of war with Germany that the RAF decided to accelerate this development.

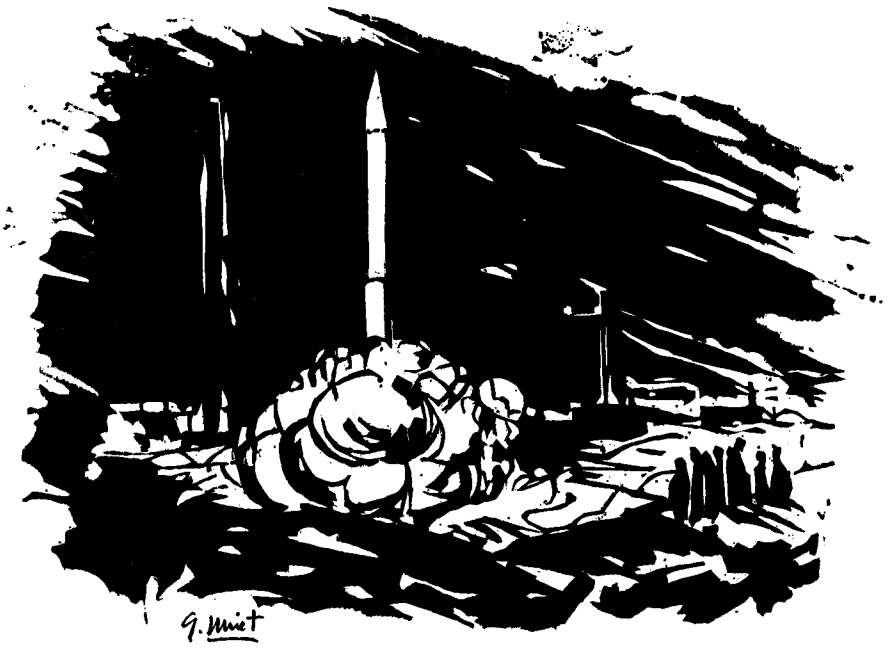
The U.S. Army Air Force, too, seemed to show little interest in jets until late in the war when German jets seriously threatened our daylight strategic bombing operations. On one raid, according to Whittle, we lost thirty-two out of a formation of thirty-six Flying Fortresses to German jets. The situation was so serious that a number of British Meteor fighter jets were temporarily withdrawn from combat and employed in mock attacks against American bombers based in Britain, so that our fliers could develop defensive tactics against enemy jets.

A British report on these mock attacks, quoted by Whittle, states: "Results of these trials must have proved very depressing to the Americans with their existing aircraft, as it would appear that Meteors could sail in as and when they pleased, each destroying two or three Forts, and pull away without the escorting fighters (even Mustangs) being able to do very much about it."

Fortunately, a British jet engine had been brought to the United States in October, 1941, and copied here so adroitly that an American version was flight-tested a year and three weeks later. But jets were not really part of the Air Force's combat operations until the Korean War.

Why Bother with Missiles?

When it first came to deal with missiles, at the end of the Second World War, the Air Force's prime concern



was to develop those capable of intercontinental flight. Long-range ballistic missiles, as yet much less accurate than manned bombers, were of great interest to the Air Force only if they could carry warheads of sufficient destructive potential to overcome the problem of accuracy and warrant the enormous cost of their development and production. The first contract for development of an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) was given to Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft (now Convair) of San Diego in 1947 for the Atlas.

The first Atlas, requiring no less than ten rocket engines, never got off the drawing board. The carcass of a second Atlas model, a hundred feet high and looking like a stranded space ship, still sits on a beach near San Diego, a weird monument to technological difficulties. That Atlas with its warhead would have been so heavy that no rocket engine then available or even at the blueprint stage could possibly lift it.

That experience, plus the government economy drive of the late 1940's, was enough to make the Air Force unwilling to experiment with new techniques. The Air Force dropped the ICBM project and allocated the major portion of its budget to the heavy bombers, like the slow and enormously expensive B-36, last of the piston-engined bombers. Just as, fortunately for the Allies, the development of the V-2 rocket got only the most reluctant support of the German high command, so the Air Force gave little support to the Atlas ICBM program after 1948. For two and a half years Convair continued the Atlas development on a sharply reduced schedule, with its own funds and with only twelve people assigned directly to the program.

From 1948 until the early 1950's, the Air Force's main emphasis continued to be directed toward heavy bombers for strategic warfare and short-range missiles for tactical use. During 1949, the Air Force spent about $2,290 million on aircraft and only $39 million on missiles.

In that same year a bitter fight, occasioned by a cut in naval appropriations, broke out between the Navy and the Air Force over the capabilities of the Air Force's heavy bombers to deliver atomic weapons far behind enemy lines. The Defense Department, trying to cut its budget, chose to allocate its funds in favor of the Air Force bombers and ordered construction halted on the Navy's supercarrier *United States*.

The dispute over the B-36 appropriation was accompanied by an angry interservice controversy about the over-all matter of strategic warfare; the efficiency of the B-36, including its vulnerability and accuracy; the role of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and the value of the big bombers in general.

The Air Force naturally stuck to its position "that the concept of strategic bombing and the extent of its

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employment as now planned are sound." Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey (Ret.) disagreed, stating: "Mass bombing of cities and factories can only produce delayed, remote, and indirect effects on the course of the war. The weight of the evidence in our own and British bombing surveys shows this very clearly. These reports show that it was a mistake to believe that B-17s, or later B-29s, could, by unescorted mass bombing attacks on cities, gain military advantage in proportion to their cost, or to believe that results would be directly and immediately effective."

By 1950, almost all Air Force development funds were allocated to short-range tactical missiles, practically none for ICBM or IRBM development. In fact, because no missiles suitable for delivery of atomic weapons over long distances seemed feasible at the time, the Air Force began to lose interest in long-range missiles. There was even some discussion within the Air Force that the Navy, which during this period had been spending at least as much on guided missiles as the Air Force and the Army together, might take over the whole missile program.

In July, 1950, *Aviation Week* complained that the United States had no ICBM, no long-range rockets, and no service-tested or service-accepted missiles in spite of an expenditure of $100 million. One reason cited for this lack was that Army "Ordnance holds that missiles are merely artillery without guns. So we are getting World War I and World War II artillery thinking.

"And the Air Force conceives missiles as merely airplanes without the need for pilots. So we get World War I and World War II Air Force thinking.

"The same arguments for divorcing the Air Corps from the Army to set up a separate Air Force now apply to splitting off missile design, experimentation and development from the government administrators whose first love and first responsibility are to either artillery or airplanes. The missile is neither."

'An Instrument of National Policy'

It was not until 1954 that serious development of the intercontinental missile was started by the Air Force. Three years later General Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff, USAF, wrote: "One of the most significant steps taken by the Air Force during the past decade was the decision to accelerate the development of the long-range ballistic missile . . . With each passing year the ballistic missile will become more important as an instrument of national policy."

Actually the Air Force's decision came after Trevor Gardner, then Air Force Special Assistant for Research and Development, set up an Air Force Strategic Missiles Evaluation Committee, known also as the "Teapot Committee" or the Von Neumann Committee after its chairman, the late John Von Neumann. The committee was asked whether a missile that could carry an H-bomb warhead was feasible.

The Evaluation Committee, in addition to Von Neumann, included Clark Millikan, Charles Lauritsen, and Louis G. Dunn, all of Caltech; Dr. Hendrik W. Bode, Bell Telephone Laboratories; Dr. Allen E. Puckett, Hughes Aircraft; Dr. George W. Kistiakowsky, Harvard; Professor J. B. Wiesner, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Lawrence A. Hyland, Bendix Aviation; and Drs. Simon Ramo and Dean Wooldridge, heads of the Ramo-Wooldridge Company. Ramo and Wooldridge had headed electronics research and development at Hughes Aircraft and had worked there on the Falcon air-to-air missile and on fire-control systems, but had left the company after a managerial struggle.

Early in 1954, the Ramo-Wooldridge technical staff came to the conclusion that ICBMs could be built. The Von Neumann Committee, endorsing that conclusion, recommended to the Air Force that such a program be carried out with increased priority, and that its direction be placed under the control of a strong "development-management organization." Although the committee was not unanimous in its recommendations, the Air Force gave the program highest priority, and in August, 1954, the Western Development Division (now the Ballistic Missile Division) of the Air Research and Development Command was established under Major General Bernard A. Schriever; the Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation was chosen as the division's technical staff in providing systems engineering and technical direction to the contractors and subcontractors.

The H-bomb made the intercontinental ballistic missile into an integral part of the Air Force. Today the "missileman" has come of age. The missile is a part of his life and he calls it familiarly a "bird." The "birds" have "hardware" bodies filled with "plumbing" and carry in their warhead beaks the "gadget," sometimes also known as the "gizmo," which, if the flight is successful and the descent to earth accomplished without mishap, will detonate.

Missiles, together with the manned heavy bombers of SAC, have truly been adopted as the most important "instruments of national policy," the weapons on which the administration puts its major reliance for the defense of the nation and our system of alliances. Prime or even exclusive reliance on strategic warfare, utilizing "big" bombs, either "clean" or "dirty," and heavy bombers or missiles to carry them, has had wide acceptance in many military-political circles. The Air Force, like the Army and Navy, has no lack of influential friends in Congress.

The powerful aircraft industry, almost entirely dependent upon Air Force orders, also speaks for Air Force supremacy. Eighty-five per cent

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of the industry's 1956 sales were to the military. Its spokesmen are often retired or reserve Air Force generals.

Major General Orval R. Cook (USAF, Ret.) is now president of the Aircraft Industries Association. Major General Samuel R. Brentnall (USAF, Ret.), former Assistant Chief of Staff for Guided Missiles, is now vice-president and assistant general manager of the military division of Motorola, Inc., which manufactures missiles. Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker (USAF, Ret.) is now with Douglas Aircraft. Lieutenant General Harold L. George (USAF, Ret.), formerly of Hughes Aircraft, is a vice-president of Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation, which not only serves as technical staff of the Air Force's Ballistic Missiles Division but is also in the electronics business, both military and civilian. On March 1, 1955, General George took a leave of absence for eight months from Ramo-Wooldridge to return to active duty. Ramo-Wooldridge also employs Major General Gordon P. Saville (USAF, Ret.); and Ramo-Wooldridge's parent company, Thompson Products, has two retired Air Force generals on its staff. Other companies working on Air Force contracts follow a similar policy of employing retired generals.

Mutual Assistance

Considering that spending on missiles, both for manufacturing and research, has climbed from $1.3 billion in fiscal 1955 to $4 billion in fiscal 1958, the aircraft industry has an understandable interest in missile work.

As far back as 1946, *Business Week* magazine stated: "The AAF—as big an organization all by itself as the Navy—has been reaching for the missiles with especial eagerness because it sees itself, with its combat functions gone, reduced to the status of aerial truck driver for the ground forces . . . clearly it behooves firms involved in the guided missiles program to be sure of their contacts with AAF."

Bearing out the somewhat premature dictum of *Business Week*, General Cook recently attacked any government "disposition to place missile development in Government arsenals and with universities and other tax-free institutions. The aircraft industry does not believe in that. The business of missile systems is a natural function of the aircraft industry and should replace lost business in the manned aircraft field if this industry is to maintain the state of health which has always been considered of vital importance to this nation. Also, there is an expensive loss of time and efficiency in translating the project from development by an arsenal or a university to production by industry. There are great advantages in flexibility and improvement if the design, experimental, tooling and manufacturing teams work together from the start."

The Air Force in turn has long been dependent on the aircraft industry. When it received some independence in 1935, it had pilots and planes but no technical services such as ordnance, matériel, and quartermaster. There was nothing in the Air Force to compare with Army or Navy scientific and engineering traditions or personnel. The Air Force inevitably turned to the aircraft manufacturers for the scientific and technical assistance it needed.

Of course by now a large research and development staff, both military and civilian, has been built up by the Air Force. But there are still important differences between this group and those in the Army and Navy. Many of the Air Force research and development group are extremely competent and well trained, but as is almost inevitable, they are under the direction of Air Force pilots.

The skill of a pilot is operational, not necessarily transferable to another realm such as research and development. Nevertheless, many of the key men in charge of the Air Force research and development program are pilots. The thinking of the Air Force leaders—all pilots—is inevitably conditioned by the skills they have mastered. Who can know more about air and space travel?

General Schriever, head of the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division and directly in charge of the ICBM and IRBM program, was trained as a combat pilot but later acquired remarkable engineering experience. The same cannot be said of General Thomas S. Power, former commander of Air Research and Development and now head of the Strategic Air Command.

Since the Air Force has had to depend upon the aircraft industry as a substitute for scientific tradition and family tree, a new team developed in American military and political life: the interdependent industrialists and fliers.

Leave It to Industry

Much of the present dispute over missiles between the Air Force and the Army stems from the aircraft industry's opposition to the Army's concept of developing weapons, including missiles, in ordnance centers with its own staff—ordnance centers such as the one at Redstone Arsenal where the Army team under Wernher Von Braun developed the Jupiter and Redstone missiles.

"The United States Army is reaching a fever pitch in a vicious campaign of myth and half-truth to try to establish its dominance in the development and operational use of guided missiles," begins a recent editorial in *Aviation Week*. In quite remarkable contrast to its 1950 editorial which stated that missiles were neither artillery nor airplanes, the editorial concludes: "The attempts of the Army to force its ordnance arsenal philosophy on missile development and the efforts of its pamphleteering henchmen to organize a National Missile Industry Conference aimed at dragging missile business from the aviation industry into a separate 'missile in-

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dustry' are doomed to failure because they are flying in the face of technological facts."

It is also the "conviction" of the Air Force itself that the rocket development program "should be handled in a manner like that of other engine development programs. Traditionally, industry has always been regarded as a partner in these ventures."

The "ordnance arsenal philosophy" as explained by Secretary of the Army Wilber M. Brucker is in sharp contrast to that of the Air Force and the aircraft industry:

"When we turn a project over to industry most of the guesswork . . . has been eliminated. We have a good yardstick to measure acceptable performance. We know within narrow limits what the cost ought to be . . . how soon we should expect delivery."

Discussing the Air Force philosophy, Brucker said, "There is a philosophy of procurement which advocates contracting out virtually everything and putting upon industry the whole job of determining what should be supplied. This can lead to false starts, frequent modifications and unsatisfactory end items. Such procedures are wasteful, costly and time consuming."

IT IS APPARENT that the conflict over development philosophies between the Air Force and the aircraft industry on one side and the Army on the other, with the Army supported to some extent by the Navy and the electronics industry, is not just over *who* is to carry out the development but also over *how* it is to be done.

In its attitude toward research and development, the Air Force and the aircraft industry are inclined to agree that research is most important when it is likely to produce quick results. Yet it is a well-known fact that such military devices as the bazooka gun and radar, to cite only two, were derived from basic research that held out no immediate promise of application.

The aircraft industry spends little of its own money for research, basic or otherwise. According to the National Science Foundation, Federal government funds "accounted for more than four-fifths of the aircraft industry's expenditures" on research and development.

As a result of the Air Force habit of leaving a whole project from beginning to end to the aircraft industry, enormous financial commitments have been made to contractors for the development of fantastically intricate and complicated projects that existed only on paper at the time the contracts were drawn up. Some $690 million and eleven years of effort were invested by the Air Force in the Navaho project, North American Aviation's pilotless bomber, by the time the program was canceled in July, 1957.

Fortunately, something was salvaged from the Navaho project: the engine developed to get it to a cruising speed is being used in other Air Force and Army missiles. North American had to develop the engine itself, for no other company was interested in working on rocket motors big enough to get the Navaho up to the required speed.

A few months after the Navaho cancellation, North American was awarded a contract to develop a new jet bomber, to be fueled with new chemical combinations. The contract was given North American after Air Force officers conducted what was described by the Los Angeles *Times* as "exhaustive, week-long evaluations" of the North American designs and those of the Boeing Company, which also was trying to get the contract. The Air Force does not expect to have a flying model of the plane for at least "two or two and a half years," with no date set for when production can be expected. The contract was awarded in spite of a strong feeling that the bombers themselves will be obsolete by the time the plane is available.

Falcon and Sidewinder

The leave-it-to-industry approach of the Air Force is well illustrated in the contrast between the Air Force Falcon, an anti-aircraft missile carried on Air Force fighter planes, and the Navy's Sidewinder, carried by Navy fighters and also, together with the Falcon, on three types of Air Force fighters. The first Falcon, the GAR-1, was developed by the Hughes Aircraft electronics division when it was under the direction of Drs. Ramo and Wooldridge. Work on this Falcon, an extremely complicated device that is guided to its target by radar, began in 1947. Millions of dollars were invested in its development, and today each GAR-1 still costs $19,000 to produce at Hughes, although it is anticipated that eventually this figure may drop to about $10,000. A later model, the GAR-98, based on the same radar guidance principle, costs between $25,000 and $50,000 each, although this is also expected to drop to $10,000.

Two years after work started on the Falcon, the development of the Sidewinder, which does essentially the same job as the Falcon, began at the Naval Ordnance Test Station in California. Sidewinder grew from some basic research carried out at the station under a small budget allocated for that purpose. It is guided to its target by infrared radiations from enemy aircraft rather than radar. Sidewinder is extremely simple, has few moving parts, and was developed at the Naval Test Station in less time than the Falcon GAR-1. In spite of the "expensive loss of time and efficiency in translating" a project from development "by an arsenal or university to production by industry" charged by General Cook of the Aircraft Industry Association, Sidewinder is produced by Philco and General Electric at a cost of $800 to $1,000 each.

According to the Navy, the work done at the Naval Ordnance Test Station by Dr. William B. McLean and his associates saved the government $5 million in the development program and $41 million in the production program, on the basis of comparisons with the costs of other similar missile programs.

In 1952, Hughes began to develop the Falcon GAR-2A, which is based on the same infrared principle used by Sidewinder. GAR-2A went into production in 1957 and now costs $9,000 each.

WHEN THE aircraft industry develops civilian aircraft, without government funds, it is much more conservative in planning and production. But in dealing with the Air Force, it experiments with an entire program, vouching for the end results in advance of tests. For ex-

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ample, according to the Los Angeles *Times*, "industry experts" insist that the new North American chemical-fuel bomber, still in its early design and years away from production, "will be capable of 2,200 M.P.H. for extended periods and a ceiling of 100,000 feet."

Not all the aircraft companies operate in the same way, and there is also conflict within the Air Force itself concerning the development and production of weapons. But the restrictions of classification prevent free and open discussion of methods of production that involve policies of the utmost concern to the nation and to its allies. The dependence of the Air Force on the aircraft industry is understandable—and probably inevitable. But doubts persist. To the credit of the Air Force, it must be said that since the end of the Second World War it has made earnest efforts to secure sound counsel for its long-range scientific military research from a nonprofit corporation, first known as Project RAND. General H. H. Arnold, seeking to retain the services of wartime scientists, set it up at Douglas Aircraft, where it remained until, with the help of the Ford Foundation, it began a separate existence.

RAND, a civilian scientific organization, advises the Air Force, sometimes making policy suggestions contrary to Air Force doctrine. The existence of RAND, supported by Air Force funds, provides the basis for self-criticism and internal discussion over differences in policy. There are such differences within the Air Force, and probably little would be lost if some of them were made known to the public.

The Role of Ramo-Wooldridge

The development philosophy under which the Air Force and Ramo-Wooldridge are developing the Atlas and Titan ICBMs and the Thor IRBM is a logical extension of the concept of "taking concurrent development, production, and operational actions," as General Schriever has described it. "Obviously," says the general, "this can be done only when a weapon system has such promise of success and great potential that it is worth taking risks. Long-range ballistic missiles are such weapons."

Dr. Ramo, General Schriever's chief scientific adviser, has outlined the Air Force development cycle somewhat more simply. "We gambled," he said of Thor. His firm's description of systems engineering states: "Although the initial researches must be as thorough as possible, many decisions must be made boldly on the basis of incomplete information. Investigation must continue so as to determine whether further data support the decisions. Any indications of the need for changes must be carefully weighed."

The Air Force has its own rationalization for the risk it is taking. "The creation of the ballistic missile has been a tremendous undertaking, surpassing even the Manhattan project in scope and goals," says General White, Air Force Chief of Staff. The development-management concepts and policies used in the missiles program have "parallels in the Manhattan Engineering District," says General Schriever.

But although there are some parallels in the great costs and the high stakes involved, there are also great differences in the way the work was done. In the Manhattan Project, the universities and scientific laboratories played the key development role now taken by industry in the Air Force missile program. Throughout the Manhattan Project, different groups of scientists all grappled with the same problems, sometimes even duplicating their efforts as they tried first one approach and then another, until their aim was accomplished.

The Air Force has delegated to Ramo-Wooldridge the responsibility for supervising research and development, systems engineering, and technical direction, plus, states Dr. Ramo, the function of "indirectly" influencing the selection of Air Force contractors by proposing to the Air Force the research and development "plan which tends to define the nature of the needed contractor." By the terms of the contract, Ramo-Wooldridge itself will not manufacture any of the components used in the missiles.

In exchange for its work, Ramo-Wooldridge receives a little less than ten per cent of the cost of providing the services. Dr. Wooldridge says: "We actually make only about four per cent. We get less profit on the services of a skilled scientist than another company makes on a lathe operator."

To carry out its role of "system engineering" in the ICBM and IRBM programs, Ramo-Wooldridge has more than three thousand employees, over half of them working in its Space Technology Laboratory, the new name for the division responsible for the Air Force missile program. The company's other six divisions, which are beginning to do both military and civilian electronic work, are housed in new structures, some still being erected, a few miles away. Since, according to company officials, ninety per cent of the operations have been military, it seems safe to assume that a good portion of the company's 1957 earnings of $43 million came from its supervisory role over the missiles program. For the services it renders to the Air Force, Ramo-Wooldridge's profits may be far from exorbitant. It all depends on the performance of the finished product.

Because of the peculiar position Ramo-Wooldridge holds in its relationship to the Air Force and the contracting out of missile work, there are complaints—not unusual in this field—circulating through the aircraft and electronics industry. It is a "source of friction," according to *Aviation Week*, that Ramo-Wooldridge, as the technical supervisors of the ballistic-missiles program, is given access to the technical data of the contractors with whom in its other divisions it competes directly.

Ramo-Wooldridge officials flatly deny this charge, pointing out that the ballistic missiles division has recently been completely separated from other company operations.

Following his court-martial for revealing classified material, Colonel John C. Nickerson, an outstandin-

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Army missile specialist, charged that the Air Force, its contractors, and Ramo-Wooldridge in particular "continually talked down our efforts to the Pentagon, while at the same time trying to steal away our personnel with offers of more money." Dr. Wooldridge denies Nickerson's charges that his company has attempted to hire personnel away from the Army project or that an offer was made to Von Braun. Instead, Wooldridge states that if someone offered to come to Ramo-Wooldridge from the Army project, the Air Force would first discuss the matter with the Army officers.

As for Ramo-Wooldridge's "talking down" of the Army efforts, Wooldridge says, "Our people have been developing our system and making comparisons of it with other development programs. Naturally we think the Air Force program is better than that of the Army but we don't make a conscious attempt to talk down the Army's program although we're bound to make comparisons."

THE EVER-MOUNTING alarm after the Russian ICBM and Sputnik led to an irresistible demand for increased Air Force appropriations—particularly for missiles, that sector of the Air Force development program in which the Russians had forged ahead of us. To be sure, authoritative voices have advocated a radical re-evaluation of our strategic policies, greater preparedness for limited warfare, real unification of the defense establishments, and so forth. But while all these broader goals are still objects of debate, pre-Sputnik defense activities are still being pursued with post-Sputnik haste. The main reliance is still placed on SAC, though there are plans to protect its bases by greater dispersion. The effort to produce IRBMs and ICBMs, in the largest possible number and in the shortest possible time, is being greatly intensified. In other words, we are going to have more of the same.

Who Shall Decide?

The Air Force has done considerable thinking about the missile age —an age that seems to have begun for the Russians but for which we are still frantically preparing ourselves.

The Summer, 1957, issue of the Air University's *Quarterly Review* was completely devoted to discussions about "The Air Force Ballistic Missile."

"The missileman," wrote Lieutenant Colonel William L. Anderson, Deputy Director of Personnel, 1st Missile Division, "will be a student of standard methodology. The highly individualistic personality, capable but unorthodox, loses his special value in this rigid situation. There is a new market for the compatible person, capable of accepting the most uniform behavior pattern."

Colonel Anderson also defines the kind of crew necessary for a missile launching: "With a crew several times as large as the largest bombing crew, we cannot hope to maintain total crew integrity. The ability to replace a crew member on short notice depends largely on standardization."

He adds: "The launch officer will find his exercise of ingenuity largely restricted. The target is preselected. Weather is no longer a major factor. Where once military leaders implemented battle doctrine even at small unit level by varying their techniques, there is no requirement for this in ballistic systems."

UNDER WHAT conditions will the missileman, the launch officer described by Colonel Anderson, be given his orders to make his final countdown and let loose the missile?

To this question, too, a few tentative answers are given. "Decision to launch an attack," writes Alexander Sheridan of the Air War College, "will probably have to depend upon strategic warning that an enemy attack is imminent and inevitable. Warning of this nature is difficult to obtain. When obtainable it could easily be misinterpreted. A country no longer will have the advantage of observing the conventional intelligence signs: stockpiling, troop build-up, maneuvers—all the paraphernalia of former preparation for war. Rather preparations will be made months and years in advance, with the final preparation nothing more than topping off fuel containers and final choice from among preselected targets. Long range or advance intelligence, by its very paucity, will not be reliable enough for decision. Short range intelligence reports of a positive nature, e.g., missiles in flight, will be available for only a few minutes and be practically worthless as a means of buying time for decision.

"Although administrative and technical procedures have been established to keep the President fully informed, there is always the danger that an enemy surprise attack could destroy communication facilities. Since this will be a counterforce attack, even the means of retaliation

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may be destroyed before a decision could be rendered. Thus national survival under the conditions of complete surprise attack will depend upon prearranged rules of engagement as well as upon military readiness. There is a distinct requirement for the formulation of automatic rules of engagement approved by the President and the Congress and made known to the world."

Colonel Harvey W. Shelton describes one way in which the future defense system should operate: "It must incorporate a high degree of automation. The requirement for human judgment must be brought to an irreducible minimum. Means must be provided to assemble the problems which human judgments must solve and present them with negligible delay to those centers where the necessary judgment can be exercised. At the same time the old adage that 'haste makes waste' never had more dreadful import. The defense force designed for near-instantaneous reaction cannot be so designed at the risk of implementing false decisions, particularly if retaliation in kind must be part of the defensive measures. Imagine a two-way, intercontinental exchange of ballistic missile forces that was triggered off by one radar which could not tell the difference between a meteorite and an ICBM!"

OUR CURRENT defense against ballistic missiles "is of little value," states Colonel Shelton. In the defense system of the future, the colonel writes, there "must be a foolproof and delay-free organizational machinery to inform the highest levels of government of an imminent or possible attack and to transmit top-level decision to the force or forces concerned. There may be a requirement in this connection for reviewing the laws, traditions, and policies governing who can act under varying circumstances 'for and in the absence of' the President and other high officials. There is also a requirement, whether or not it is apt to be met, for extensions of international law. Clearly, for example, moves falling far short of what is now internationally recognized as aggression could in fact foretell the virtual annihilation of a major nation within an hour or so."

Colonel Shelton adds one more way we might "defend" ourselves from a missile attack—by judging the "intent" of the enemy to launch such an attack: "It almost goes without saying that the more we know about a ballistic missile attack, including the intent to launch it, the better off we will be in countering it."

THE ONLY PROBLEM remaining seems to be that of picking the men who will judge the enemy's intent. Or will this decision, too, as some high military authorities have suggested, be automated? Our airmen have no reason to look forward to this nightmarish prospect. Who does?

The Air Force has come very close to the fulfillment of its most ambitious dream: the government, with the support of public opinion, has made it the paramount instrument for achieving the ends of our national policy. But no national policy—not ours, not that of the Soviet Union—can be properly served by an Air Force in which the pilot is in danger of being replaced by the missileman and, in turn, the missileman is in danger of being replaced by electronic robots.

How Good Are Our Missiles?

ROBERT C. ALBROOK

IN ABOUT A YEAR the first intermediate-range ballistic missiles—the 1,500-mile Thor and Jupiter—will begin to be phased into the strategic striking power of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in western Europe. Some two years later, barring serious hitches, the first examples of the five-thousand-mile intercontinental Atlas and Titan (or one of them, if current tests prove the other to be markedly inferior) should be ready for strategic deployment at bases in this country. At about the same time, under recently revised timetables, another and radically different kind of long-range ballistic missile also will report for duty: the Navy's 1,500-mile Polaris, actually an intercontinental weapon because of its far-ranging base, the nuclear submarine.

How good will these first American entries in the "ultimate weapons" race be? Do they promise to add significantly to our deterrent strength, or, at the least, to maintain that strength as the bomber's usefulness declines?

About half of the $3.3 billion that the Defense Department proposes to spend on missile procurement in the fiscal year of 1959 will go for these giant weapons. Since only Thor and Jupiter will be in actual production, they will get the lion's share. From this fact and from the great haste of the administration to press these weapons upon our reluctant NATO partners, if may be inferred that Thor and Jupiter look very promising indeed. And doesn't the projected investment of several billions in new bases for Atlas and/or Titan in this country bespeak great confidence in these weapons?

Sitting Ducks

The little-appreciated fact is that a growing number of well-informed defense officials and advisers, both in Washington and in NATO capitals abroad, have very serious doubts about all but one of the American long-range ballistic missiles. This one is the unique Navy Polaris. Unfortunately, despite the recent speed-up which has advanced its production date to 1960—two years ahead of the original schedule—the Polaris will probably come into production last. Only the most modest plans have thus far been made for it.

As for the others, on which many billions are to be spent in final development, production, construction of bases and supporting equipment, and training of highly skilled crews,

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the judgment of many top experts is as follows:

¶ These missiles will not contribute to deterrence of an all-out Soviet attack.

¶ They will, on the contrary, establish a pattern of defense that would tend to invite attack if diplomatic relations were to deteriorate seriously.

¶ Thus they would create the gravest questions about the historic American policy of waiting for the enemy to strike first.

¶ Finally, any great reliance upon these missiles would probably deter the United States from resisting limited Soviet thrusts, which are the most likely threat, since a backstopping deterrence to all-out Soviet retaliation would be lacking.

This unsettling assessment arises directly from the inherently vulnerable nature of the Thor, Jupiter, Atlas, and Titan missiles. Like the American fleet tied up at Pearl Harbor, these "ultimate weapons" could well be knocked out in a massive surprise attack.

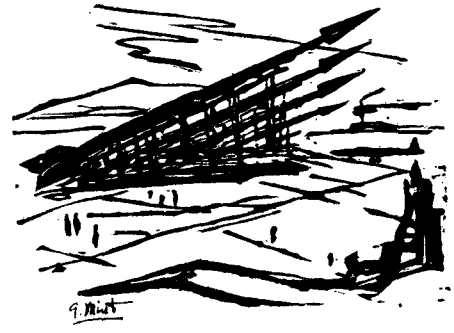
"In common," says one Defense Department rocket expert, "all of them share the disadvantage of great size and weight, tender structure, and very complicated fueling problems involving that highly tricky substance, boiling liquid oxygen at exceedingly low temperatures. These are highly primitive missiles, about as far from being handy military tools as was the original thermonuclear device which Oppenheimer described as many tons of complicated plumbing, including a refrigerating system."

THESE CHARACTERISTICS mean that these four major missiles will be extremely difficult, probably impossible, to protect by concealment, dispersal, or mobility. From the moment that construction begins on a base for one of these weapons, a battery of Russian missiles can be set up for the specific mission of destroying that base and all its missiles in a surprise blow. This should be even easier than knocking out bomber bases. Runways are hard to destroy, and bombers can be kept aloft out of harm's way. But the missile-launching bases to be constructed in Europe this year "will be highly complicated affairs, extremely vulnerable to air attack," one group of American experts has concluded.

These missiles will most certainly not match the prescription of NATO's senior missile adviser, Dr. Theodore von Karman, who has warned in vain that it will be "especially necessary to arrange it so the launching is mobile . . . so that missiles can be launched from unprepared bases."

But with an adequate warning system, one is tempted to ask, why couldn't American retaliatory rockets be on their way before enemy missiles knocked them out? Americans—the whole world, for that matter—got a glimpse of some of the reasons during the first ill-fated attempt to fire a Vanguard test satellite. The launching speed for Thor, Jupiter, and Atlas—that is, the velocity at which they begin their ascent—is said to be about the same as for Vanguard. Twenty-mile winds were enough to delay the first Vanguard.

Loading liquid oxygen into the rockets alone takes about thirty minutes—the same time it would take a Russian ICBM to travel to Washington or New York from Soviet territory. The full "countdown" takes much longer. Ultimately, the hope is to have missiles on a fifteen-minute alert by keeping some loaded on a rotating basis. But fifteen minutes is the probable maximum warning we would have of a Soviet ICBM attack. The warning time of an



IRBM blitz against western Europe might well be measured in seconds.

"Our protection," warns a member of the Defense Department whose job is to analyze new weapons strategy, "will not be found in a pattern of building one hundred huge fixed ICBM bases in the United States or fixed IRBM sites abroad, each as vulnerable a target as the airbase it replaces, and each inviting a massive attack which will insure the saturation of a state-wide area around it with fallout."

"The effectiveness of the deterrent," observes one of Britain's top defense planners, "depends upon being immune yourself." And it is plain from the narrow support in Parliament for the IRBM program just how far from immune many Britons believe these bases will be.

THE AIR FORCE would like to dig its missiles in for protection against all but direct hits, or, as it says, to "harden" the proposed bases. This might help in North America, against which direct hits (excepting those scored by missiles launched from enemy subs) will not be easy because of the great distances enemy missiles would have to travel. But for reasons of economy, the first Atlas base near Cheyenne, Wyoming, is planned as a "soft" base. Personnel and supporting radar and other electronic equipment will be housed on the surface, as at an airbase. The missiles, too, would be exposed at least during the long final fueling and countdown. An H-bomb striking several miles away would almost certainly knock out such a base or cripple the big but extremely delicate missiles. In Europe, even "hard" bases with missiles, men, and supporting gear far underground would probably be unavailing against the predictably high proportion of direct hits. Moreover, it is probable that with their long head start in the IRBM field, the Russians will be able to mount scores if not hundreds of nuclear-armed rockets against each of the NATO missile and bomber bases in Europe and North Africa.

The Promise of Polaris

The country is just now beginning to realize how vulnerable to a surprise knockout its Strategic Air Command bases have become. The 1959 budget proposes some funds—not as much as SAC wanted—to further disperse and "harden" these bases and to provide a higher degree of alert and readiness. This is a measure "which should have been taken years ago, and which is now crucial," according to Colonel Richard S. Leghorn, a consultant to the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board.

But looking to the missile era, Colonel Leghorn offers a logical ex-

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tension of this precaution which has not yet shown up in Air Force plans. "The real answer to a hard retaliatory force," he said in a recent speech in Philadelphia, "lies in many dispersed underground submarine and mobile launching sites for rocket weapons. The costs of a hard rocket retaliatory force are large and must be borne."

A series of extremely important breakthroughs in research have now raised fairly firm hopes in Washington that a long-range missile system or systems that would meet these requirements can be in production late in 1960. The breakthroughs have come in the Navy Polaris program. Already the Air Force is "looking into it," and the Army has actually been ordered, as of January 10, to take advantage of the Navy's work to develop a solid-fuel successor to the medium-range two-hundred-mile Redstone missile, to be named the Pershing. (Officials concede that the order virtually dissolves the two-hundred-mile limit put on Army missiles by former Secretary of Defense Wilson in 1956.)

WHAT IS this new magic which, though still not fully tested, seems so bright with promise? It is simply solid fuel. Thor, Jupiter, Atlas, and Titan (and the medium-range Redstone) use a combination of liquid propellants, a hydrocarbon fuel like kerosene, and an oxidizer, in most cases liquid oxygen. But Polaris makes use of a solid, rubberlike combination of oxidizer and hydrocarbon.

This means an entirely different kind of missile. Instead of a lot of complex plumbing as required for the liquids, a solid-fuel rocket has a simple arrangement not unlike a Fourth of July skyrocket. It is safer, smaller, and easier to handle; the fuel is always kept in the rocket; far less supporting equipment is required; and probably the missile will be capable of taking off on very short notice. It can also be more easily adapted to mobile bases, on or under the sea or on land.

Originally conceived as a weapon to be fired underwater from a submarine, Polaris is coming along so well that it may be ready before there are any subs on which to install it. Funds for three Polaris submarines have been requested so far and money for six more will probably be sought, but even if and when these requests are granted, launchings will still be two to three years off. Unless the number of such submarines is greatly increased above present plans—Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Washington), with unofficial Navy support, is campaigning for at least a hundred such vessels—the United States will not get any significant benefit from the program for many years. Thus far, Air Force interest in strategic-range solid-fuel missiles is limited to development of a supplemental weapon still to be named that, like Thor and Jupiter, would be fired from a fixed base. This suggests that the Air Force is not yet seriously concerned with exploiting the full possibilities of solid-fuel missiles.

Liquid Fuel and Frozen Designs

Before the United States plunges further into the fantastically expensive missile business (at something like $2 million per "whoosh" for the big ones), should it not consider whether it might be better to skip the liquid-fuel missile era altogether? After all, this is just a hand-me-down from German wartime development. It is suggested that we focus now on a full land and sea complement of mobile solid-fuel rockets of all ranges. The argument against this is that we are two years closer to a working liquid-fuel missile system and that we must use what we've got. But are we doing that?

Thor and Jupiter have been ordered into production with only ten per cent of the scheduled research and development work completed. Designs have been, or will be, frozen at a very early stage. To assure delivery of a sizable number of weapons to NATO on schedule, no major improvements made this year can be incorporated. The reliability of missiles produced under these circumstances could not be high, even if the inherent disabilities of liquid-fuel rockets did not exist.

Far more thoroughly tested than Thor and Jupiter, however, and available for early full-scale production are two excellent long-range "air-breathing" missiles: the Air Force Snark and the Navy Regulus II. These proven weapons fly lower and slower than ballistic missiles but faster than most of our bombers, they pack nuclear warheads, and they could probably penetrate Russian air defenses for at least the next two or three years well enough for deterrent purposes. Both these programs are in low gear; Snark procurement has been ordered cut back. Yet these weapons, together with SAC's B-52s and supersonic B-58s, would constitute a far less vulnerable deterrent to Russian aggression than a force that placed too heavy a reliance on Thor or Jupiter. For both Snark and Regulus II can be easily dispersed, kept in constant movement on land or sea, and thus be protected against a surprise knockout.

Of course Russian missile bases—provided we can find out where they are—are also vulnerable to a surprise attack. But such vulnerability is not terribly serious for the nation that fires the first shot. "The first exchange of missiles will probably tell the story," one Defense official said recently at a missile conference in Washington. Available intelligence indicates that the Russians, like ourselves, have not yet got out of the liquid-fuel rocket stage. The nation that achieves and maintains a lead in solid-fuel rockets will have a tremendous advantage both in shorter-range tactical applications and strategic weapons. But a nation that is content with vulnerable missile systems invites suspicion of its motives as well as of its good sense.

"Our posture," writes Malcolm W. Hoag of the RAND Corporation in the January issue of *Foreign Affairs*, "must preclude this extreme kind of deadly speculation by the enemy: 'Why does he have so threateningly big but so unprotected a striking force? Surely such a combination is only rational if he is planning to strike first. If this is the case, should I not forestall his move, especially when my chances of destroying his air forces on the ground look so good?' "

UNDER PRESENT PLANS, three years from now America will have placed some big bets on a vulnerable missile system that seems ill suited to keep the peace. If a brighter promise than this is to mark this country's first efforts in the Age of Space, these plans must be altered now.

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Foreign Aid: Misspent, Mislabeled, and Misunderstood

REPRESENTATIVE HENRY S. REUSS

NINETEEN FIFTY-EIGHT is going to be a tough year for the U.S. foreign-aid program. It faces not only a new and vigorous challenge from Communist competition but also a new outcropping of doubts and misgivings in Congress.

In recent years, Congressional authorizations and appropriations for foreign aid have squeaked through with the combined votes of Eisenhower Republicans and liberal Democrats. But this year the ardor of Eisenhower Republicans has slackened considerably, and liberal Democrats are increasingly doubtful about a program that savors much more of military alliances than of peaceful assistance to our friends. Because of this military emphasis in the administration's program, the advocates of foreign aid find themselves in a curious alliance with its enemies, and Congressional support can by no means be taken for granted. For this difficulty, the administration has no one but itself to blame.

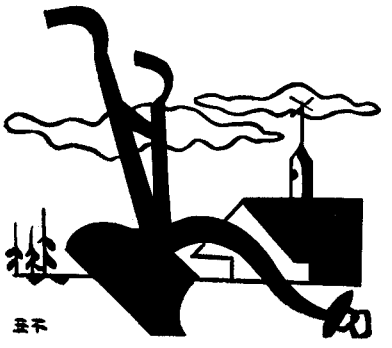
At the same time, the Soviet Union, fresh from the technological triumph of Sputnik, is out to duplicate that victory in the field of aid to the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa. Director Anushan Agafonovich of the Soviet Institute of World Economic and International Relations told the Africans and Asians gathered in Cairo last December that the Communist world wants to extend loans, grants, and technical assistance with no strings attached. "We do not ask you," he said, "to join any blocs or change governments or change internal or foreign policies."

Communist economic aid is not staggering in its magnitude, but neither is it just talk. In India the Russians are making long-term low-interest loans for projects ranging from an optical-glass factory to power stations. In Iran negotiations are almost completed for construction of a large dam. In Syria the Russians are swapping railroads and highways for raw materials. A large Soviet aid mission has arrived in the Sudan. In Cambodia, the Chinese have delivered close to $20 million worth of aid, with promises of a five-hundred-bed hospital to come.

These bounties are accompanied not by military missions but by Russian ballet and Chinese opera, and by newsstands full of Communist literature—not just in the capitals but in the villages too.

The Communist challenge thrown down at Cairo would seem to have called for an American de-emphasis of the military aspect of foreign aid and an expansion of our technical assistance program. Just the opposite, however, appears to be happening.

And what is the answer from the International Cooperation Administration to the Russian proffer of expanded technical assistance? Last year the President asked for and Congress authorized $151.9 million for U.S. technical assistance—less than four per cent of the total foreign-aid request of $3.9 billion. In all of Asia and the Middle East, for example, there were just 712 American Point Four technicians as of last June 30. Instead of expanding the program, the administration's new budget reduces the request for U.S. technical assistance to $142 million.



If the administration continues to overemphasize the military and de-emphasize technical assistance, as it appears to be doing, it may find itself with a foreign-aid program that nobody likes—neither the isolationists, who never did, nor the liberals, who are getting tired of supporting a program that departs more and more from their ideals. From Point Four technical assistance—a mere four per cent segment of our foreign-aid program—have come our greatest successes, both in terms of what American taxpayers like and of what makes foreigners like Americans. By encouraging democratic as opposed to authoritarian methods, it is the one kind of program we can offer that the Communists can't.

What We Do Best

In a modest and unpublicized way, we are already providing many stepping stones to democracy and social progress. In the Philippines, our *barrio* (village) program is now operating successfully in almost one-sixth of the republic's villages. Some one hundred technicians help villagers work together in building schools, digging wells, or treating malarial swamps. Ambassador Charles Bohlen told me that our *barrio* program had played an important part in the Philippine elections last November. The people, having had a taste of democracy at the village level, demanded—and got—a fairly honest count at the polls and showed commendable discrimination in getting rid of some corrupt officeholders.

In Vietnam, where the French left no legacy of trained native civil servants when they cleared out, a training institute run by Michigan State is slowly creating a cadre of trained Vietnamese civil servants. In Cambodia, where the French neglected to provide any schools whatever outside the capital city during the century they were there, a few American teachers are training Cambodians to educate the new genera-

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tion. In Taiwan, the U.S.-supported land-reform program is considered a model for all of Asia.

These are the kinds of things we can and should do more of. But because technical assistance is such a small portion of our foreign-aid budget, its impact is also small.

Meanwhile, Congress is becoming increasingly doubtful about the remaining ninety-six per cent of the foreign-aid program.

Militarism

While there is general agreement that we need military alliances, and need to help our allies arm sufficiently in order to resist Communist aggression from without and subversion from within, more and more Congressmen are beginning to wonder whether the military-aid program hasn't gotten out of hand. Of the total of $2.7 billion in new money appropriated for foreign aid during the current fiscal year, funds for military assistance and "defense support" exceeded $2 billion.

And yet, according to a little-publicized report of the General Accounting Office issued last August, some of our military allies have been unable to set up "as effective fighting forces the units for which the U.S. is providing equipment"; military equipment which we have furnished to a country, but which the country has not been able to use, is lying around wasted instead of being "recaptured and redistributed to other recipients"; and the size of military forces in some countries, as recommended by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is based on "political motivation" rather than "military considerations."

Furthermore, many of the armed forces we are supporting seem outsized in relation to the population and resources of the country as a whole. These disparities are well known in South Korea and Formosa. In Vietnam, with a population of twelve million and an average annual income of only $116, we are supporting a 150,000-man army. President Ngo Dinh Diem told me that the maintenance of this army has absorbed funds that might otherwise have been used to start a program of land reform.

A further doubt about our military-aid program is the extent to which our arms are likely to be used not against Communist aggressors but against neighbors. In last year's flare-up in Oman, American and British weapons were on opposite sides of the encounter. Today American planes are being used against North African Arabs by the Spaniards in Morocco at the same time that American rifles are being sent

to the Arabs of Tunisia a few hundred miles away. The November maneuvers in the Persian Gulf of Iranian and Pakistani warships, supplied by this country, may not have disturbed the masters of the Kremlin, but they offended and frightened India.

INSTEAD of soft-pedaling the military aspects of our aid program, we make matters even worse by mislabeling a great deal of purely economic aid as "defense support." This year "defense support" funds are $725 million, or about five times the amount of our technical assistance program. Under this absurd nomenclature are to be found such unmilitary projects as malaria control in Vietnam and a street-building project in Bangkok. The administration apparently feels that unless it disguises these projects in military garb, it will be unable to get them through Congress. But in the attempt to deceive Congress it only antagonizes the people we are trying to help.

At least some of the doubts about our military aid and "defense support" programs—doubts held not only by members of Congress but by the press and the public—might be resolved if Congress were permitted to debate each year's recommendations fully and completely. But the amounts and details of military aid to each country—including the misnamed "defense support" items—are classified as secret by the administration.

This means that the important policy questions of the annual foreign-aid expenditure—how much individual countries get and what they do with it—cannot be debated on the floor of the House or Senate.

The continuing frustration of representatives at this secrecy is illustrated by what some of them said during the foreign-aid debate last year:

JAMES ROOSEVELT (D., California): I regret that the Administration insists on a policy of secrecy about its program in the [Middle East] region. The security of the United States would not be impaired for one moment if we were told exactly how much we propose to allot to each of the countries in the region in the coming year. The United States is strong and vigorous enough to be able to announce its intentions and to stand by them.

GEORGE S. LONG (D., Louisiana): On the military side the facts are marked "classified" that ought to be public information. Practically everybody in the Pacific knows how much we are spending in Korea and Formosa, including the Communists. The only persons who are not allowed to know are the American taxpayers.

H. R. GROSS (R., Iowa): It is high time . . . that this business of classifying information of interest to the general public be stopped.

Gigantism

Too many of our economic-aid projects seem to have been designed with an eye for putting on a huge show. Take, for example, the magnificent network of roads we are building in Cambodia, Thailand, and Vietnam. Built on a crash basis and on an extravagant system of cost-plus contracts, they will cost us upwards of $70 million before we are through.

To an alarming degree, such projects are monuments to a new and unhealthy autarchic nationalism that is showing itself in Southeast Asia. The Cambodian highway, for instance, will parallel an existing road between Pnompenh, the capital, and the Gulf of Siam. Cambodia needs a superhighway to the sea, it is said, because it can't rely on the ports of its neighbors—Bangkok in Thailand

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and Saigon in Vietnam. Little love is lost between the Cambodians and the Thais. As for the Vietnamese, or Annamites, the only Cambodian word for an Annamite translates into English as "hated-Annamite."

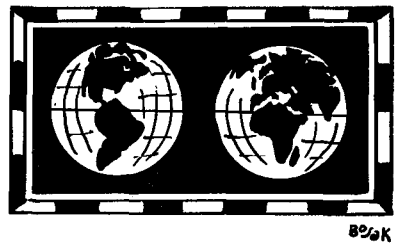
I wonder whether a considerably lesser sum devoted to fostering regional co-operation wouldn't have been a better investment. For example, the Mekong River flows through Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, and Vietnam. A Mekong River development authority that would bind the four nations together in a federation might make more sense than efforts to make each country self-sufficient.

Another difficulty with many of these projects is that even where they have a valid economic justification, they take years to build. In Iran we started planning the Karadj Dam near Teheran some five years ago. It was originally to be an American project, and we financed a multi-million-dollar road to the dam. Five years later, ground has just been broken on the Karadj project, after a decision that the Iranians should finance it themselves. For quick impact, such massive projects are obviously far inferior to Point Four technical missions, where the good work can be seen at once.

The Insulated American

Although our 712 Point Four missionaries are making friends and influencing people in the hinterlands of Asia and the Middle East, many times that number of American aid officials live insulated lives behind stockades. For one thing, our preoccupation with giant projects requires the maintenance of huge American administrative staffs in the capitals just to pass papers back and forth.

When we build our gigantic show pieces, Americans have to be brought in to operate the bulldozers and scrapers. In Cambodia, the going rate for an American operator is $20.25 an hour, with all living expenses paid in an American compound and no U.S. income tax. The Cambodian truck driver who works with the American gets about $1.50 a week. Native peoples would have to be saints not to resent the



Americans who always live in their own exclusive compound, whether they are in the capital or out on the road.

It's Up to the Adminstration

The administration can meet the challenges of Communist aid abroad and public apathy at home only if it is willing to make drastic revisions in its program.

The first thing to be done is to de-emphasize the military. The military and nonmilitary aspects of our foreign-aid program should be separated into two bills, and those categories of our military-aid program which have more to do with keeping information from Congress than from the Russians should be declassified. Such action would permit informed debate on both the military and nonmilitary aspects of the program.

The second thing to be done is to accentuate the positive. Technical assistance can and should be decisively expanded, both in numbers of personnel and in appropriations. To constrict or reduce Point Four is to move straight in the wrong direction. The best cure for "gigantism" would be to channel more of the projects through the World Bank, through the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development—which we have so far been snubbing—or through special legislation for such countries as Tunisia, India, or the Sudan. Reducing gigantism could cut the numbers of "insulated Americans" doing paper work in the capitals and making fortunes on the roads.

The Soviet Union has obviously observed and profited from our mistakes. Unless the administration profits from its own errors, it is very apt to find its program opposed not only by those who are constitutionally against all foreign aid but also by those who firmly believe in it. It's up to the administration to make its case.

Delegate Thomson Vs. the N.A.A.C.P. and Others

WILLIAM KOREY

In February of 1956, Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia first used the phrase that was to become the battle cry of the Southern segregationists in their war against the Supreme Court school-integration decision—"massive resistance." In March of 1957, Byrd justified his phrase: "We have a right to defy the Supreme Court if we do so without violence and do not try to overthrow the government."

Massive resistance in most Southern states means not only unalterable opposition to school integration but special legislation aimed at curtailing the activities of the N.A.A.C.P. In Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana the organization's membership lists can be subpoenaed. South Carolina has passed a law prohibiting any state employee from becoming a member. Mississippi, Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina have adopted anti-barratry statutes to bar support of lawsuits by persons or organizations not directly involved. Bills calling for investigation of the N.A.A.C.P. have been passed in Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida.

But Virginia is the leader in Southern massive resistance, and in his speech last spring Senator Byrd accepted leadership of the campaign. "They're taking us on first," he said. "They want to break us down. If they force Virginia, with all its prestige and leadership in the South, to surrender, it would have a terrific

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and powerful effect on other Southern states."

By late summer of 1956, a special session of the Virginia General Assembly had already passed a series of seven laws to implement the massive-resistance campaign. Aside from making it illegal for any group to stir up litigation to which it is not a party, the new laws also set up a special Committee on Law Reform and Racial Activities to investigate groups—like the N.A.A.C.P.—seeking to encourage litigation.

The committee, which was in session for ten months last year, was given broad investigatory powers, a budget of twenty-five thousand dollars, and Delegate James M. Thomson of Alexandria as chairman. Thomson, a native of New Orleans who only established residence in the district of Alexandria in 1952, is considered a fast comer in Harry Byrd's political machine. His sister is married to Byrd's son, Harry, Jr., a senator in the Virginia legislature. Thomson is a young lawyer of thirty-three, soft-spoken and amiable except when he is on the platform, where he becomes transformed into an articulate and tough orator out to win.

Although the Committee on Law Reform and Racial Activities numbered ten men, it was a two-man show of Thomson and Frank P. Moncure. Moncure is a firm segregationist who argues that "Our colored people don't want mixed schools." The committee's chief counsel, Leslie Hall, a former Alabaman, shares the views of Thomson and Moncure.

The committee's line of questioning, which had to be learned from witnesses as they left the committee room, was aimed at proving the N.A.A.C.P. guilty of violating the laws just passed by the special session. Reporters were barred from all the hearings, and Thomson flatly refused to release transcripts to the public.

In Black and White

Individual witnesses, however, were permitted to buy transcripts of their testimony. A study of some of these transcripts reveals that the committee did not limit the bill to questions about the N.A.A.C.P. but also ventured into religion and other areas of thought and conscience. Thomson pointedly asked the religious belief and church of one witness who had justified his attitude toward integration on the basis of his religious convictions. After the witness stated that he attended the

Episcopal Church, Moncure plunged into a long and extended theological argument with the witness, which eventually reached a point where the witness saw fit to remark that he prayed for Moncure.

Moncure declared he didn't need his prayers, that he was just as good an Episcopalian as the witness. The witness asked him if he didn't believe in praying for all people and Moncure said he did not. But, the witness pointed out, the Book of Common Prayer requires praying for all people. Moncure then asked if the witness did everything that was written in the Book of Common Prayer.

WITNESSES were harried in other ways. An Arlington housewife disclosed in September that she had been questioned in her own home by two committee investigators, who had used concealed tape recorders. When her story broke in the Washington press, Thomson revealed for the first time that the committee had pursued this technique. Calling it a "fair device," he explained that the recording devices proved to be valuable to play back to witnesses whose testimony before the committee was at odds with earlier statements recorded in their homes.

When Thomson was asked if this technique was "usual procedure," he explained, "I've never carried on an investigation before."

The following exchange took place between Moncure and a Negro witness:

MONCURE: . . . as a Negro, don't you have pride of race, don't you take pride in being a Negro?

WITNESS: I do.

MONCURE: Then why should other people feel inferior to white people because they don't go to the same schools?

A.: How would you feel if you were left out of something just because of race?

MONCURE: I would feel very proud of my race, but I would think the other race was beneath me. I am just wondering how you feel. Why do you feel inferior? You and your children feel inferior as a race to white people.

A.: Because we are put below them, that's why. . . .

MONCURE: Where are they put down? They go to school, they have their own schools.

A.: Of course they go to school.

MONCURE: Well, why should they feel. . .

A.: Why should a child go across country to go to school when they could go to school that is nearer, and they may be able to get what they want there? . . .

While most of the more than sixty witnesses called by the Thomson Committee on Law Reform and Racial Activities were plaintiffs in suits brought for public-school desegregation, there was an important exception in the case of an Annandale, Virginia, calendar publisher named David H. Scull, who had not been listed in any suit.

Scull's Web

The hearing transcript of Scull's testimony is interesting not for his answers but for Thomson's questions. Scull appeared with counsel and presented a statement declining to testify on the ground that the committee lacked jurisdiction. After questions concerning Scull's statement, Thomson asked him his affiliation with a number of organizations: the Fairfax County Council on Human Relations, the N.A.A.C.P., the Citizens Clearing House, the Fairfax County P.T.A., B'nai B'rith, the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The list went on and finally ended with the Japanese-American Citizens League.

What was the committee trying to accomplish with this line of questioning? In its final report the com-

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mittee stated archly that "If it had been able to obtain testimony from this witness, such testimony would have been very helpful to the committee in making its report."

For declining to answer, Scull was haled by the committee before the Arlington Circuit Court on October 15, 1957. In his examination of Thomson, Scull's attorney asked him about the source of his information against Scull. Thomson said it was the "reports of three or four individuals, together with a brochure which was received in the mail."

Scull's attorney produced a brochure published by the Fairfax Citizens' Council entitled "The Shocking Truth," and Thomson agreed that was the source he meant. The brochure features a large chart that purports to spell out "the web of interconnection" between a variety of organizations, integrationists, and the "Communist front." At the center of the chart is a box carrying the name and post-office box number of David Scull. From that name a set of lines are drawn connecting with other boxes carrying a variety of organization titles, including the American Friends Service Committee, the Fairfax County Council on Human Relations, the National Education Association, B'nai B'rith, the Fairfax Council of Parent-Teacher Associations, Ford Foundation, the N.A.A.C.P., the Southern Regional Council, UNESCO, and the Urban League. Numerous other national and local organizations are mentioned derogatorily elsewhere in the brochure.

SCULL'S ATTORNEY, Joseph Rauh, pressed Thomson about the brochure:

RAUH: What is the Fairfax Citizens' Council?

THOMSON: It is an organization of —racial organization, I understand.

RAUH: Is it one of the groups of white Citizens' Council?

THOMSON: Indeed I couldn't tell you that for a fact, Mr. Rauh.

RAUH: You mean you used this information without knowing the source of what the Fairfax Citizens' Council was from which it emanated?

THOMSON: Of course. I use anonymous telephone calls to begin an investigation with.

With the brochure before him, Thomson had asked another witness whether he belonged to certain "racial organizations," as Thomson described them. These organizations included the Fairfax Council on Human Relations, the Urban League, Americans for Democratic Action, and the American Civil Liberties Union.

The witness denied membership in the first two but admitted belonging to the last two. At this point Committee Counsel Hall asked if he knew the A.C.L.U. had been cited by the House Un-American Activities Committee as being Communist-controlled. The witness replied that he did not and that he doubted the truth of the statement. Hall said he had the proof but that unfortunately he hadn't brought it with him, that it was in his office. Of course, no such citation from the House Un-American Activities Committee exists.

The Rug Out from Under

The significance of this line of inquiry and the use of "The Shocking Truth" became apparent when the Thompson Committee report, released on November 11, 1957, called upon the Virginia General Assembly to establish a new committee "to continue the work which was commenced by this committee" but with its power "generally broadened" with authority "to inquire into such matters as subversive activities generally and more specifically as they relate to the question of segregation or integration in the public schools." On the occasion of the release of the report, Thomson expressed regret that he had been unable to question Scull at length. He observed that there were other organizations in the state besides the N.A.A.C.P. that were engaged in racial litigation.

Hall went further. In answer to a question about subversive activities, he stated that the committee had turned up information indicating that "subversive" organizations might be encouraging school integration. He went on to say that Communists were active in Virginia and that pro-integration organizations could be infiltrated by "subversives." He concluded by observing that the membership of pro-integration organizations "may be interlocking with other organizations that get their directives from Moscow."

The committee concluded that the N.A.A.C.P., the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., and the Virginia State Conference of N.A.A.C.P. Branches "are now and have been engaged in the unauthorized practice of the law" and called upon the Virginia state bar "to take action" against the N.A.A.C.P. and its attorneys. But on January 21 a Federal court rendered most of the committee's conclusions obsolete by ruling that the state law against stirring up litigation is unconstitutional.

EVEN BEFORE this decision, however, Delegate Thomson had encountered formidable and presumably unexpected difficulties in his campaign against "the web of interconnection." During the second week of October the Thomson Committee turned its attention to textbooks and reference materials used in the history, civics, and social-studies classes of northern Virginia public schools.

Thomson's book investigator—Mrs. Louise K. Parent—had once been a teacher in the District of Columbia school system but had given up teaching in 1942. During the early 1950's she acquired a wide reputation in P.T.A. circles in northeast Washington for her voluntary work as a relentless searcher for "pinks" and "subversives."

At this point, some of the Virginia legislators apparently had had enough. Two members of the commitee sent a telegram calling for delay in the textbook investigation, delegates from northern Virginia protested vigorously, and Delegate Harrison Mann bluntly told the committee to "stay out of Arlington schools."

Thomson quickly withdrew, complaining that "certain would-be politicians" had distorted the purpose of the investigation. "The Committee has, of course, not authorized any study and obviously no investigation of the public schools as such is contemplated."

In his adventure into the schools of Virginia, Thomson may have overreached himself. His investigation seems to have become too massive even for the advocates of massive resistance.

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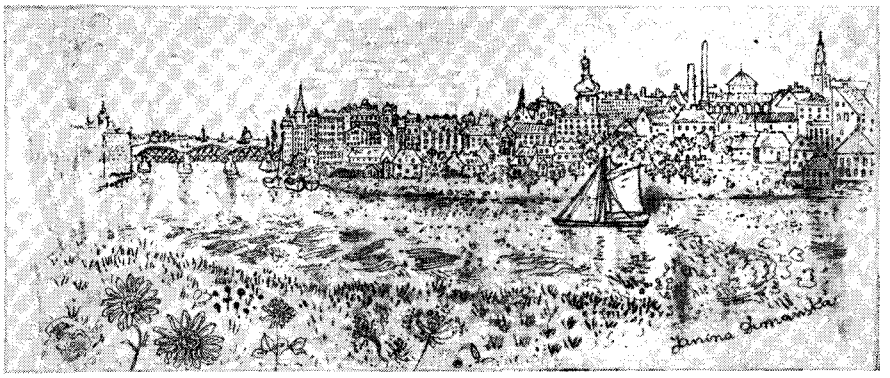

Poland: The Reins Are a Little Looser

S. L. SHNEIDERMAN

POLAND was very close to economic disaster at the time of the October Revolution in 1956. Before the country had even begun to recover from the devastation of war and Nazi occupation, it became the victim of a political régime that adhered ruthlessly to the Moscow-prescribed course for building socialism in a hurry. But when I returned to Poland last fall, after an absence of eighteen months, it was apparent that Wladyslaw Gomulka's government had managed to bring about at least some improvements in the living standard.

One important change was that made in the management of government-controlled industries, where workers' councils have been introduced in about sixty per cent of the plants. The fact that this percentage is not higher is mainly due to the reluctance of many workers to assume the responsibilities of management. While the workers' councils still do not function perfectly, and many mistakes are made, their presence has nevertheless created a new climate of enthusiasm among the workers. As a result, output has increased, absenteeism has been reduced, and the plague of thefts shows signs of diminishing. There have been noticeable improvements in agriculture; for example, the 1957 grain crop exceeded the 1956 crop by 400,000 tons, and the sugar-beet crop has guaranteed an additional million tons of sugar. These improvements are largely the result of the work of the individual farmers, whose efficiency improved remarkably after the abolition of compulsory grain deliveries and the dissolution of many collective farms.

BUT THE PROJECT to which the Gomulka government has given probably the most attention is the revival of private enterprise in small industry, in handicrafts, and in retail trade. Less than a month after the October Revolution, the minister of small industry and handicrafts authorized the former owners of industrial shops that had been confiscated and incorporated into government-controlled factories to apply for the restoration of their enterprises.

The mass liquidation of small industry had begun in 1949, after the Stalinist régime had completed the nationalization of all enterprises employing more than fifty workers. But many skilled artisans refused to work under government control, and a number of basic consumer articles disappeared from the market. Hundreds of small towns, formerly flourishing centers of Polish handicrafts, were reduced to stagnation. Particularly severe was the decline in the production of foodstuffs: the number of private bakeries was reduced by seventy per cent, and of meat-processing shops by ninety-five per cent.

In prewar Poland, small industries had employed 1,300,000 workers. In 1948, before the program of nationalization was put into effect, private industry had employed 331,000 workers; in 1955 this number had dropped to 133,000. During 1957 the number rose to about 200,000. Although the goods produced by private enterprise represent only a small fraction of the total industrial production of Poland, they play an important part in the economy. Besides satisfying the consumers' immediate needs, they supplement socialized industry in many important respects. A striking example is car accessories, such as windshields, door handles, and seat covers, which are not produced in government shops. The same is true of radio parts and small tools. Since Gomulka's return to power in 1956, many artisans have recovered their shops and been given enough compensation to get them going again.

Poland now has four national organizations of private producers, covering building, chemicals, foodstuffs, and flour mills. The last is showing particular vigor in obtaining restitution to former owners of thousands of nationalized water-powered mills. The previous régime had not allowed peasants who refused to join the collective farms the use of their mills. Many of these peasants rebuilt old windmills, preferring to use these primitive installations rather than depend upon government-owned mills.

The private producers' organizations lobby for government action to facilitate the growth of private enterprise. Their main task at present is to frustrate the schemes of the bureaucrats who sabotage small industry by refusing or delaying needed allocations of raw materials. The owners of some workshops and factories have felt it necessary to resort to illegal means—buying stolen goods—to obtain raw materials.

8,535 New Capitalists

During my stay in Warsaw, I witnessed a police raid on the Rozycki Bazaar, a market consisting of hundreds of small shops and booths specializing in goods unobtainable in government stores, particularly nylons and other "de luxe" articles that Poles receive from American relatives. Though illegal trading exists

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all over Warsaw, the bazaar is the center of such activities. Among the items confiscated during the raid were several hundred illegally imported Swiss watches and a large number of American banknotes. There were many arrests, and owners of small businesses all over Warsaw were thrown into a panic. However, when I returned to the Rozycki Bazaar a few days later, I found business going on as usual, except that a few booths had been closed. Several dealers I talked with said that the police had not maltreated them and had held them for only a few hours.

At present, Warsaw has 3,063 privately owned small businesses of which 1,760, or more than fifty per cent, were opened after October, 1956. Even this number is small in comparison with prewar figures. In 1939, Warsaw had 34,000 trade establishments, including 27,000 retail shops, 5,000 wholesale concerns, and 2,000 restaurants. The total number of its present business enterprises, government and private, is only thirty per cent of what it was before 1939, despite the fact that the area of Warsaw has doubled.

Thousands of small stores and shops—run by shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, mechanics, etc.—are springing up every month throughout the country. During the third quarter of 1957, 8,535 new shops were opened in Poland. At present there are more than 135,000 legally operated small businesses of this kind, which employ about 200,000 skilled workers, many of whom came from government-run enterprises. A large number of these artisans are recent repatriates from Russia who brought along tools given to them as compensation for their years of slave labor.

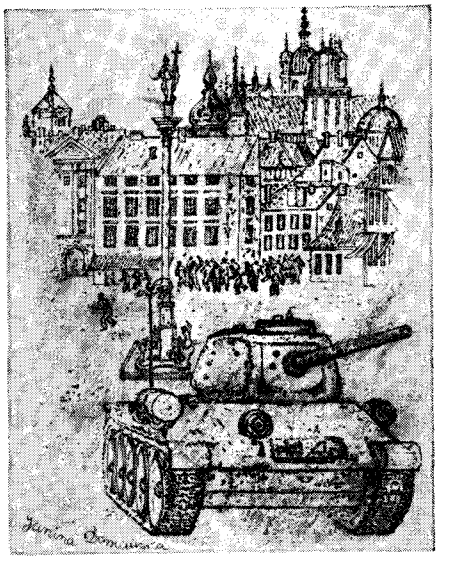
There is also a significant change in the composition of Polish handicrafts. While until recently most of the privately owned shops were bakeries and butcher shops, two hundred different trades are now represented, including a large proportion of masons and metalworkers, indicating the recent boom in private housing.

The Tailor's Troubles

The rapid growth of private enterprise is anathema to die-hard Communists, who see it as heralding the return of capitalism. But these die-hards are opposed by the Communist champions of the "new economic model" and by the Democratic Party, which, like the much stronger United Peasant Party (Z.S.L.), enjoys a limited political independence. It has representation in the Diet, thanks to an electoral agreement with the Communist Party.

The Democratic Party fights a running parliamentary battle against the enemies of private enterprise, and continually brings to light shocking facts concerning the bureaucratic persecutions to which small shopkeepers and artisans are subjected.

For example, the popular Warsaw daily *Zycie Warszawy* recently print-



ed in its columns the following item describing a scene from the life of a Warsaw tailor. Episode 1: A customer carrying a roll of material under his arm enters the shop. "How much will you charge me for tailoring a suit?" he asks. "Twelve hundred zlotys," says the tailor. The customer draws out an official price list from his pocket, according to which the tailor is entitled to receive only five hundred zlotys. Then he shows his Treasury agent's badge. The tailor is in trouble.

Episode 2: The tailor appears at an Internal Revenue office, complaining that he has been assessed an exorbitant tax. The assessment, he says, was made on the basis that he received twelve hundred zlotys for tailoring a suit, while he has no right to charge more than five hundred. The official, smiling ironically, says: "You know very well that you cannot afford to tailor a suit for a mere five hundred zlotys."

Since the advent of the Gomulka régime, according to official statistics the income of the population has increased markedly, between fifteen and eighteen per cent. However, these figures are challenged by some Polish economists, who maintain that the average wages in industry, trade, transportation, and other government enterprises have risen only ten to twelve per cent. These economists say that only the rural population and the miners have considerably increased their incomes: the miners because of their strategic position in the country's economy and the peasants because of reductions in compulsory grain deliveries and because of the higher prices the goverment pays for voluntary deliveries of agricultural products.

Gomulka's government is under fire from both Stalinist die-hards and the so-called revisionists, who are not necessarily enemies of socialism and "opportunists favoring capitalism," as the Gomulka press claims.

The Stalinists maintain that Gomulka has embarked on a course that will inevitably bring on the collapse of the socialistic structure of the Polish economy. The revisionists, on the contrary, maintain that Gomulka does not go far enough in his reform, that his thinking is still influenced by the discredited concepts of central planning and government control. They argue that Stefan Jedrychowski and Eugenjusz Szyr, who were responsible for the economic evils of the previous régime, still hold important economic posts in Poland, and that it is these same men who have been given responsibility for carrying out the new plans for democratization and decentralization. Thus Gomulka is charged with practicing the questionable principle of "entrusting the repair of the machine to the very man who broke it"—a phrase that is often quoted in Poland today.

The fact is that the Polish economy, despite recent improvements, still suffers from many disabilities. The full extent of the destruction caused by the previous régime is only now beginning to be known. One reason is that economic plan-

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ning, which was formerly carried out in the secrecy of the party offices, is now subject to public scrutiny. This change is reflected in the new status of the Polish parliament, or Diet.

Stirrings on Wiejska Street

Before 1956, the Diet was a mere rubber stamp. Its newly rebuilt palace stood empty most of the year. Only the wing set aside as living quarters for out-of-town deputies, the Hotel Sejmowy, was in use a few days each month, when the deputies came to Warsaw to pick up their monthly checks and to enjoy the comforts of the hotel.

Today the Palace of the Diet on Wiejska Street is one of the busiest places in town. Committees work constantly preparing draft bills and conducting hearings. As a result of the Diet's new prestige, administrative measures are no longer carried out without first being at least aired in the Diet. The importance that Gomulka himself attaches to the Diet is evidenced in the appointment of Zenon Kliszko, his closest friend and one of the most influential leaders of the Polish Communist Party, to the vice-presidency of the parliament.

It would be farfetched, however, to assume that this parliament is about to take over the rule of the country. If voices are sometimes raised in heated debate, that by no means signifies that parliament is playing a leading role in lawmaking. The Diet is "only slightly disturbing the normal functioning of the ruling political machinery," as an influential member recently said in a public statement. The Polish parliament doesn't rule the country but it is making an effort to influence the decisions made by the real political power.

ONE IMMEDIATE effect of the parliamentary revival is that the régime can no longer successfully practice the technique of overwhelming the people with weighty statistics on the staggering "achievements" of long-range planning and high production quotas. What the Poles used to call the "lunar economy" no longer works as smoothly as before.

During my stay in Poland last fall, Stefan Jedrychowski, minister of economic planning, reported to the Diet's appropriations committee on the state of the Polish economy during the first three quarters of 1957. He gave the usual rosy picture of a thriving socialized sector, with quotas uniformly overfilled. Under the former régime, such glowing speeches were never challenged. This time the minister had to answer a series of searching questions by deputies who had studied the situation and were in a position to contradict him in many details. It came out that the government was about to introduce ration cards for butter, along with a sudden rise in the price of butter to seventy zlotys a pound. (The tourist rate is twenty-three zlotys to the dollar; the official rate is still four zlotys to the dollar.)

The negative aspects of Poland's economy can no longer be kept a state secret. Inadequacies and abuses are pitilessly revealed, particularly since the courts have regained their judicial independence. Thanks to the trials of Stalinist functionaries, the Polish public is now getting details of the crimes which were committed for years in the government business enterprises. These crimes involved such manipulations as falsification of lists of salaried workers by the inclusion of "dead souls," illegal sale of stocks, and payments to fictitious contractors. Such practices are officially explained as a survival of the attitude of the Poles under the Nazi occupation, when cheating the authorities was considered a virtue, almost an act of patriotism.

The die-hard Communists, on the other hand, attribute these abuses to the October Revolution, but it is clear that most of the cases before the Polish courts involve the pre-October days, when the security police were busy hounding political deviationists and ignoring criminals, because, in the opinion of the security police, they did not constitute any danger to the régime.

In 1953, for example, which was the heyday of the Stalinist régime, the government-controlled food industry suffered a loss by theft of 186 million zlotys; in 1956, this declined slightly to 168 million zlotys. But for 1957 it declined sharply—to 66 million zlotys. These figures would seem to indicate that the real reasons for the widespread petty thievery in Poland were hatred of the régime and the low standard of living of the population. With the change of feeling toward the government and the slight improvement in the economic situation, this picture has changed. Nevertheless, theft is still a major economic problem in Poland because of the miserable earnings. The average salary of a worker, after the recent wage rise, is between eight hundred and nine hundred zlotys a month. The price of a pair of shoes is three to four hundred zlotys and of a cheap suit of clothes fifteen hundred to two thousand zlotys.

In socialist Poland there are still tens of thousands of agricultural laborers who live from hand to mouth, who belong to no unions, whose work is not subject to any regulations, and who are at the mercy of their bosses. Officially their number is estimated to be between forty and fifty thousand, but it is believed that there are actually many more, for farmers usually do not report the full number of farmhands they employ. The descriptions in the press of their living conditions are reminiscent of the pages Marx devoted to the English textile workers of the 1850's.

THERE IS a widespread feeling in Poland that Gomulka has not yet given his full attention to problems on the economic front, concentrating mainly on consolidating his political position and his hold on the party, and on regulating relations with the Soviet Union. For the time being there is still a wide gap between the work of the theoreticians and planners who seek to define with greater precision a Polish path to socialism and the executive organs that supervise the new measures—perhaps not as wholeheartedly as they might. Although the socialist phraseology must be maintained for various reasons, not the least being the necessity of not offending Russia, what the Polish planners are really concerned about is finding a way to organize a workable, efficient economic structure that will produce enough goods to keep the population satisfied. They are trying to achieve this without the terrible cost in human lives that Russia had to pay under the Stalinist régime.

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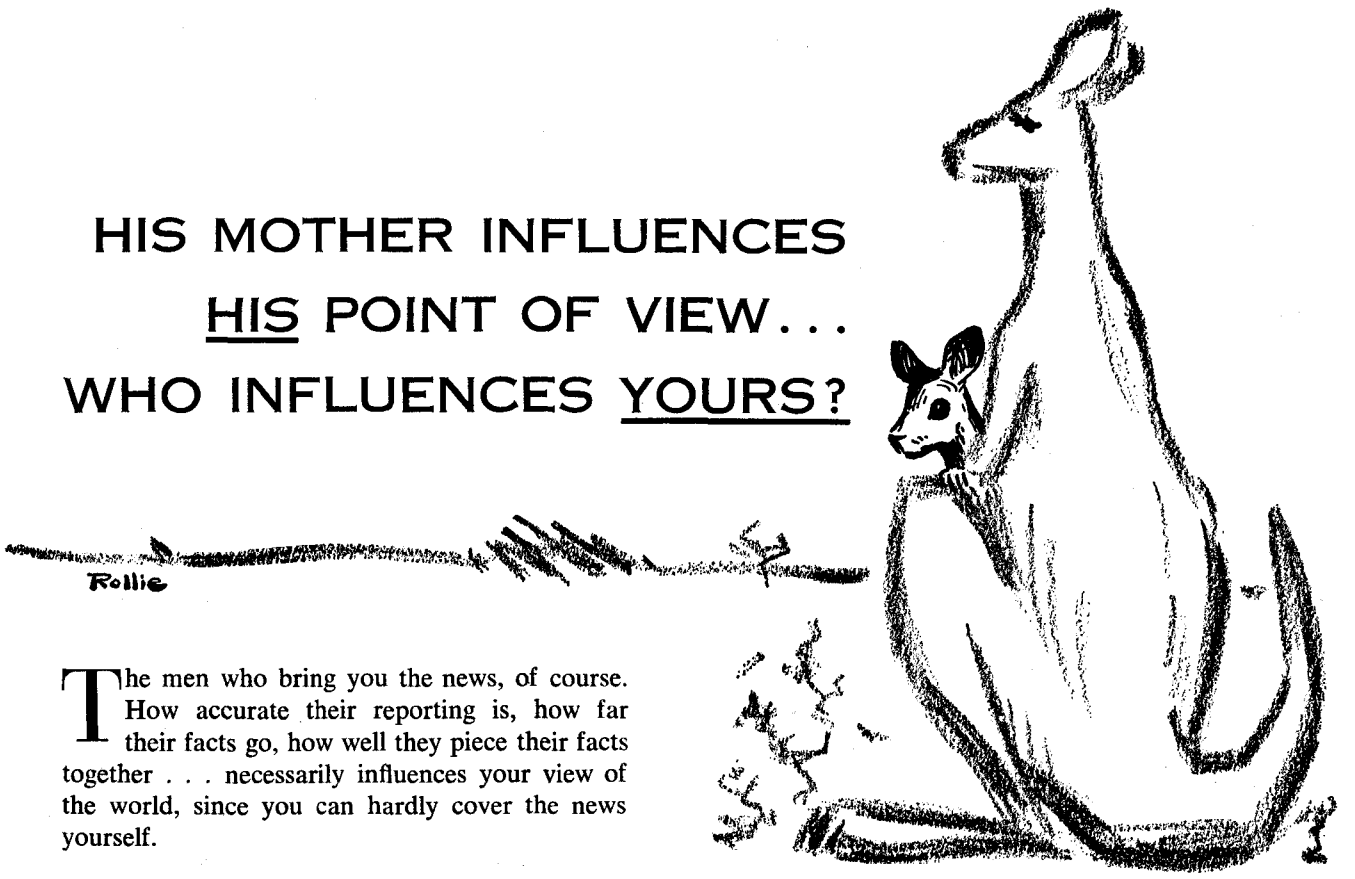
HIS MOTHER INFLUENCES HIS POINT OF VIEW... WHO INFLUENCES YOURS?



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The Cold Wave

A reminiscence of childhood in North Dakota

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

MY FATHER and grandfather would often speak of the earlier days in North Dakota—of the strong man who could swing a hundred-pound sack of wheat to his back by flinging it over his shoulder with his teeth, of tornadoes that switched the roofs of barns and houses, and of hailstorms that rained sheep-killing stones, heaping July wheatfields with desolations of ice.

Even more fascinating to me were their stories of the early winters. I would never see any winters like these, they said, for a new and milder weather cycle now prevailed. I would never know the bitter years that built the grim legends of our northern land.

My mother used to tell me how once a prairie wolf had stalked her as she walked home alone from school, over miles of abandoned stubble. I always felt cheated when I looked at the faded photograph of my father sitting on a horse, his hat higher than some telephone wires. He had ridden that horse right to the top of a gigantic snowbank, packed so hard that the horse's hoofs hardly dented its crust. It was true that there was usually a bank in our yard that reached to the top of the clothesline pole, but this was hardly satisfying when I knew what grander things had been. Why couldn't something happen *after* I was born, I wondered.

YET WHEN the sort of thing I was waiting for finally came, its coming was so natural and casual, so unlike a legend, that I mistook it for a part of the routine of my existence. It was part of my routine, for instance, to run over behind the depot with some of the town kids and slide on the ice by the tracks before I went over to Schlagel's Store to get a ride home with my father. I was almost always the only girl to go sliding, and it was also part of my routine to try to beat the boys to the smoothest patch of ice. On the day I am talking about, the only departure from routine was that there were no contenders for any of the ice.

I didn't slide very long mysell, because I began to feel some undefined discomfort that an adult would have easily identified as a deeply pervasive chill. But when an eight-year-old is too cold, he will first feel oddly tired and lonely and deserted, so that he will go to find people. Thus it was that although I began to have the feeling that I had played too long and that surely my father would be waiting for me angrily when I opened the door to Schlagel's Store, I saw by the big Sessions clock that it was still only a quarter of four and that I would have to wait for him.

SEVERAL amorphous large men were warming their hands at the stove in the center of the room and speaking to each other in Russian. Their faces were always very red, and Mr. Buskowski's purplish, large-pored cheeks frightened me a good deal, as did his heavy teasing in a broken English I would make terrified and ineffectual efforts to understand. I managed to sneak past them all to the rear of the store where the harness and great quilted collar pads hung from brass pegs screwed into rough boards. Julius Schlagel's clerk, Irma, was back there shoveling some shingle nails into a brown paper bag. She straightened up from the nail bin, stared at me, and stepped nearer to see my face under the hiss of the gas lamp. "You want to know something? You froze your face, kid."

"How could I? I just came straight over here from school," I lied.

She gave a skeptical glance at the clock and said, "Go get some snow and fetch it in here."

I brought a mittenful of snow and submitted to her harsh massage. The snow felt hot on my cheeks, so I knew I'd frozen them all right.

"Now don't go out again, hear?"

Except for the candy counter, the store was a dark monotonous jumble of bags and boxes and barrels. I was hungry, so I diverted myself by studying the penny candy and deciding how I would spend a penny if I had one. Since I rarely had the penny, no one paid any attention to me. When I did have one, I would tap it nonchalantly on the grimy glass case—not as though I was impatient to be waited on, for indeed I was not, but just to let Irma and Julius know that I was a potential customer, an individual to be treated with respectful attentiveness when I had finally made up my mind.

SINCE I had no penny, I was glad to see my father come through the door. He saw that Julius was listening to the radio and he strode brusquely past me to ask him about the weather reports. Julius dispensed about as many weather reports as he did bags of flour and corn meal; in 1935 in drought-ruined North Dakota, radios were a luxury, like candy.

Without speaking, Julius turned up the volume so my father could hear the announcer. ". . . the Canadian cold wave is pressing southward from central Manitoba and is expected to hit northern North Dakota tonight, causing substantial drops in the temperature within the next twenty-four hours. This is KFYR in Bismarck. . ."

"Forty below in Winnipeg last night," Julius said to my father.

"You been out in the last hour? I bet it's thirty below here right now. The pump's froze solid. We gotta go thaw it out." Directing his last sentence to me, he turned and made his way past the Russians, nodding uncordially.

The sun had set while I was waiting in the store, and a vast gloom in the sky sagged low over the town.

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weighting the rigid streets with cold. The heat absorbed by my snowsuit was gone instantly, and my thawed-out cheeks stung badly. My father scuffed me up over the brittle heaps of snow at the curb of the wooden sidewalk and hoisted me into the sleigh. The sleigh was a wagon box transferred to runners for the winter. I wanted to stand up, but he made me sit on the old Indian blanket spread on straw. There were hot stones under the straw. Then he draped a cowhide from the high side of the wagon box down over my head.

Though I could see nothing, I could hear my father talking to the horses and I knew he was wiping the frost of their own breathing from their nostrils. Beneath me was the thin scrape of the runners, then the rattle over the railroad tracks and the smoothness of fields of snow. The cow hairs made my nose itch and the straw poked at my legs. It was very dark.

FINALLY my father stopped the sleigh by our house and lifted me out. "Tell Mother I'll be in directly, soon as I unhitch," he said.

Despite the hot stones, my ankles were numb, and I tripped and fell as I ran to the house. My lip struck the gallon lard pail I used for a lunch bucket and stuck there. I lay tense and still in the snow waiting for it to stop sticking. Once my little sister caught her tongue on the pump handle because she wouldn't believe me when I told her it would stick. She jerked away in fear and tore bleeding skin from the tip of it. So I waited until I could feel the warmth of my breath free my lip before I moved.

The porch timbers creaked with cold, like thin ice. I could hear my mother yelling to me to get the snow off my clothes and to shut the door tight even before I opened it.

The top of the kitchen stove glowed gray-red through its iron lids, and the belly of the big round stove in the living room seemed stretched dangerously thin, as though it would surely melt soon and spill out the flaming coal on the floor. My mother had set the kerosene lamp on the warming-oven doors above the stove so she could see how much salt to put in the potatoes. I could smell the rabbit she was roasting in the oven for the dog.

My father came in the door, stomping snow clear across the kitchen, and demanded a teakettle of boiling water. Seeing that I still didn't have my snowsuit off, he told me to come with him to work the pump handle.

While he poured the boiling water down the pump, the steam rushing up into darkness, I struggled to free the handle, but I couldn't budge it. Even when he grasped it in his large thick leather mitten it didn't move. "Well, it looks like we'll have to melt water for the stock. Take this back to the house." He handed me the teakettle.

I WAS GLAD we had to melt snow for water, because then my little sister and I could play a game called Eskimo. We stood on chairs, balancing ourselves imprudently near the searing surface of the stove to lean over the tub. As soon as the dry snow had melted a little, we began to mold the figures for an Eskimo village—Huskies, people, babies, igloos, polar bears, and walruses, just like the ones in the *Book of North American Mammals* my mother had got once in a set of books from the National Geographic Society. We conducted hunts and dog-sled treks and sent the Eskimos into the water to harpoon the seals that were languidly floating there. But as the water warmed, the seals disappeared, and it was death for the harpooners to go into the sea. While the shores of their iceland slipped away into the ocean, the frantic people moved higher and higher on the iceberg mountain. Perched on its slushy sides, they would see a small hole appear in their snow island. Then the sea would gush up through the hole, the island would break in pieces, and the ice people would fall into the fatal warmth. Just as the warm wave washed over my people, the game would become hideously real to me, and I would often have nightmares in which I was climbing, climbing, on an ever-collapsing mountain to escape a hot tide.

After supper my father set out for the barn with two pails of the snow water. I had to spend about a half hour, it seemed, getting my outside clothes on again so I could carry the lantern and open the barn door.

I was well acquainted with the shock of stepping from the warm kitchen into a winter night. But none of the freezing memories of the past could prepare me for the burning air that night. It was like strong hot smoke in my nostrils, so that for one confused instant I thought I was going to suffocate with the cold that was so cold it was hot. I gasped for breathable air, and my father said, "Don't do that! Breathe through your nose—your breath is warmer that way when it gets to your lungs."

We walked carefully down the hill to the barn; then I slithered down the steps chopped in a snowdrift in front of the door and slid it open. The barn was very old, but always before it had been warm with the heat of the animals kept in it all day long. But that night, being inside didn't seem to make any difference. I still had the kind of ache in my temples and cheekbones that I always got when I took too big a mouthful of ice cream. The cows shifted and swung their tails and wouldn't stand still to be milked. My father poured some milk into a pail and told me to feed it to the little new calf in a pen at the rear of the barn.

HE HAD ARRIVED out of season and was not yet two weeks old. Usually by the time the calves came, the mothers were outside all day, and both mothers and calves quickly got used to the idea of being separated. But we had been keeping all the stock inside for nearly a week, and neither cow nor calf was properly weaned. She lowed to him and he cried back to her; he was still determined to nurse. He was still stubbornly bucking and shoving his nose all the way to the bottom of the bucket, and desperately bunting the side of it when he got a noseful of milk. I liked him, though. His hair was almost as fine and soft as a human baby's, and he had a white star on his gleaming black forehead.

Although I had never seen cattle shiver, the little calf looked as though he was shivering as he advanced stiff-legged to our evening battle with the pail. I braced it against my shins and waited for him to begin bunting. At least a winter

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calf didn't damage you as much as a spring calf did; at the moment I was well padded with long underwear, two pairs of long stockings, and thick pants. I patted him between the ears and he sucked my fingers with his rough, strong tongue.

After the milking was done, we lugged the pails and lantern up the hill and started back for the barn with more water. In two more trips our toes felt numb and thickened, and we both had frostbitten faces. I had the two white spots on my cheeks again and my father's high thin nose stood out bloodless against the chapped red of his face. We took a last look at the stock; there was nothing more we could do. There was no way to heat the barn and the cows were already half covered with straw when they lay down. We rolled the door shut.

IN THE HOUSE we planned for the night ahead. My little sister and I would sleep in one bed, with all the blankets and quilts in the house over us, and my mother and father would use the feather tick we had rolled up in a little storeroom we called the cubbyhole. When we opened the door of that little vault to get the tick, the frigid air pushed out across the living room like a low dark flood against our legs.

It took a long time to warm the tick and blankets from the unheated bedroom at the stove. We would hold them as close as we could to its hot belly, but as soon as the warmed section was moved away it grew cold again. We left the bedroom door open, but though the living room grew instantly colder, the bedroom grew no warmer. While we were making the beds we puffed white clouds at each other across the mattresses. We heated our two sadirons and wrapped them in towels, one for each bed. Then my father stoked both stoves full of coal and we got under the piles of bedding.

My sister and I lay close together, our legs bent and our toes touching the wrapped-up iron. Partly because I couldn't get warm and partly because I was worried about some things, I couldn't get to sleep. I wanted to know what a cold wave was. In the long solitude of prairie childhood I had memorized two sets of books—the set from the National

Geographic, and a set called *A Childhood Treasury* that contained legends of many lands, my favorites being those from Scandinavia. How could it possibly be that so many things had happened before I was born? For instance, *The Book of North American Mammals* told of a time when the plains of Russia and of North America had borne glaciers a mile deep. And before the glaciers there had been vast herds of mammoths. There was a drawing of them lifting their shieldlike foreheads against a gray horizon, marching on tall shaggy legs over the frozen tundra—tundra that had once covered our wheatfields. The book told about how before the glacier finally came the weather had gotten colder and colder, so that the mammoths had to grow longer and longer hair.

But even with their long hair and clever trunks and sixteen-foot tusks curved in unlikely tangles of bone, they had been unable to defend themselves. Why? Under the picture it said that a herd of these mammoths evidently had been preserved intact for centuries, and that one of the discoverers had even tried eating the meat of a carcass thousands of years old. Why couldn't the huge and powerful creatures have run away? It must have been some kind of flood, I thought, like the flood we had in our garden after a cloudburst, only different and much bigger—a flood that could race with the speed of liquid one moment and turn completely solid the next, locking forever the great knees bending for another battling step, then the tusks fending off masses of debris, and finally the long trunks flailing above the tide in search of air. A cold wave freezing so fast that the bubbles of their last breathing would be fixed like beads in the ice.

What if some polar impulse was now sending a flood to rise up out of the north, to flow swiftly over our house, becoming ice as the wind touched it, shutting us off from that strangling but precious air above us? I had heard of digging out of a house completely covered with snow—that used to happen in the days before I was born—but did anybody ever dig out of a glacier? I wanted to go and climb in bed with my mother and father and have them tell me that it wouldn't get to us, that it would stop at least as far away as Leeds, twenty miles to the north. But the last time I had tried to climb in with them they had told me not to be such a big baby, that I was a worse baby than my little sister. So I lay there wondering how far the cold had gotten.

FINALLY the morning came. I could look from my bed across the living room and into the kitchen where my father, in his sheepskin coat, was heating some water saved from the melted snow. The tub, refilled after we had emptied it for the stock, was standing in the corner of the kitchen next to the door. The snow in it was still heaped in a neat cone. It was odd to think of a tub of snow standing inside our house, where we had slept the night, and never feeling the warmth of the stove a few feet away—to think of how the tiny flow of air around the storm-lined door was more powerful than the stove filled with coal.

I felt the excitement of sharing in heroic deeds as I pulled on the

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second pair of long wool stockings over my underwear and fastened them with the knobs and hooks on my garter belt. I was not going to school because it was too cold to take the horses out, so I was to help with the barn chores again.

The cattle were still huddled together in their one big stall. My father set down the pails and walked swiftly to the rear of the barn. The little calf was curled quietly against the corner of his pen. The black-and-white hairs over his small ribs did not move. My father climbed into the pen and brushed the straw away from the sleeping eyes, just to make sure.

I stood looking at the soft fine hair that was too fine and the big-kneed legs that were too thin, and it seemed to me that I now understood how it was with the mammoths in the Ice Age. One night they had lain down to sleep, leaning ponderously back to back, legs bent beneath warm bellies, tusks pointing up from the dying tundra. The blood under their incredible hides slowed a little, and the warmth of their bodies ascended in ghostly clouds toward the indifferent moon. There was no rushing, congealing wave; there was only the unalarmed cold sleep of betrayed creatures.

A couple of nights later, over at the store, the men talked of the figures Julius had gotten over the radio. There had been a dozen readings around fifty degrees below zero. Fifty-two at Bismarck, fifty-eight at Leeds, and sixty-one at Portal on the Canadian border.

"My termometer is bust before I see him in the morning!" shouted Mr. Buskowski. "I do not even from Russia remember such a night."

Hopelessly studying the candy counter, I realized that even my father had forgotten the stiff little black-and-white calf in the contemplation of that remarkable number. "Sixty-one below!" they said over and over again. "Sixty-one below!" The men didn't need to make legends any more to comprehend the incomprehensible. They had the miraculous evidence of their thermometers. But for me that little death told all there was to know about the simple workings of immense catastrophe.

MOVIES: The Obsession Of Colonel Nicholson

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Sam Spiegel's production of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* is in Technicolor and CinemaScope, two and three-quarter hours long, and you will probably want to see it more than once.

Pierre Boulle, author of the novel on which the film is based, wrote the screenplay. The story, set in 1943, concerns a surrendered British battalion that is sent to a Japanese labor camp on the Siam-Burma border to build a railroad bridge. The camp commander, Colonel Saito (played by Sessue Hayakawa), decrees that the British officers shall do manual labor with their men. Since this is contrary to the Geneva Convention, Colonel Nicholson (Alec Guinness) refuses. He and his staff are cruelly imprisoned (Nicholson himself being confined in an "oven" made of steel sheets that stands in the fierce sun), but things go so badly with the construction of the bridge that Saito is forced to release them to superintend the job. The gloating battalion thinks that its colonel intends it to vacillate and fumble; instead, because he believes that his men need honest occupation for the sake of their morale and because he cannot bear to do anything badly on purpose, Nicholson whips his command into line and builds a first-rate bridge for the Japanese railway.

Meanwhile, an American sailor (William Holden) has escaped from the camp and, after grueling hardships, has been rescued and brought to Ceylon. There he is dragooned into joining some British commandos headed by Major Warden (Jack Hawkins) who have orders to infiltrate precisely to where Holden has just come from in order to blow up the bridge. They make their way back, after a parachute drop, with the help of a Siamese guide and four girl porters, and arrive at the Kwai the night before the bridge is to be opened to its first train. They mine the bridge in the night. The next morning, it is Colonel Nicholson who discovers the mining—by his own brothers in arms—and is so absorbed with pride in his battalion's achievement that he tries to prevent the explosion. In the resulting fight, he and all but one of the demolition group, as well as Saito, are killed. The bridge is destroyed.

From the silent opening scene of birds wheeling in the sky, a shot which then moves down into the forest as jungle sounds sift in, we know that we are in good hands. David Lean's direction is masterly, with that unhurried sureness which results in the best kind of pace. Lean has intertwined the two story elements so that they reinforce each other and develop in perfect balance toward the climax. There are some reminiscent Lean touches. The ragged battalion marching jauntily into prison camp to the tune of its own whistling reminds us of the exhausted Dunkirk evacuees of *In Which We Serve* pulling themselves together at the barking of a sergeant major. The shock of the kite that the lost, parched American mistakes for a descending buzzard was contrived by the same hand that devised the first appearance of the convict Magwitch in *Great Expectations*. But devices are reused and improved by all kinds of artists; why not by a movie director, especially one of the best?

The performances are never less than good and some of them are excellent. As the British commander, the quintessence of his breed, Alec Guinness is flawless. As the American, William Holden gives his best performance to date, which is to say that we are hardly ever conscious of the Holden personality. Jack Hawkins, always a reliable actor, seems slightly uncomfortable as a former Cambridge don turned dynamiter; occasionally he sounds a bit forced. James Donald, as the battalion medical officer, is compas-

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sionate and hugely appealing, and there is a magnificent performance by Sessue Hayakawa, who, some will remember, was a Hollywood star in the pre-sound days. He conveys a feeling of the tiger in the bosom such as has not been seen since the bandit in *Rasho-Mon;* yet this animality is contained within a compass of complicated dignities and ritual.

There are some lapses in the film, all the more disturbing because of its generally high quality. The motivations for Holden's return to the Kwai are feeble. I thought that both the theme and the British colonel's character were weakened by his perception of his folly as he died, although I could accept the irony of his body striking the plunger of the detonator that sets off the destruction of his bridge. But the riskiest element was the use of four charming Siamese girls as bearers for the demolition squad. Only the director's taste kept this from turning pure Hollywood.

The Man Within the Maniac

Some have called *The Bridge* a powerful anti-war picture, and contrasted with a well-meaning adolescent yawp like Kirk Douglas's *Paths of Glory,* it certainly is one. But it is more than a deprecation of that "madness" which is the doctor's final word, spoken amid the carnage and destruction in which the story ends.

Its basic aesthetic (not too high-flown a word for this film) is one of form. The shape of the story is superb; everything is generated from one dramatic nucleus that bears in it the fate of all concerned just as surely as a bean seed contains a miniature bean plant. The drama unfolds organically, then concludes inevitably. It is greatly to Spiegel's credit that he had no worries about "downbeat" endings. He spent his millions to fulfill an artistic design, and the audience is quite clearly grateful.

On this loom of beautiful form a subtle class drama is woven. The British officers are all gentlemen. Their attitude toward their troops is that of a gentleman toward his horse: he would neither abuse, abandon, nor associate with it. The men know and support this attitude.

Against this contentedly stratified society is poised Holden, whose objective in war is, without cowardice, to survive and to whom the devotion of the British officers is insane. The key speech of the picture is one in the forest where Holden refuses to abandon the wounded Hawkins. He accuses Hawkins and Guinness of having "the guts of a maniac" because their object is not his: to get through the war, to live and be happy.

What is dramatized here, in no crude manner, is a point of social differences, two opposing attitudes toward tradition and toward oneself. At the start the conflict seems to be between Guinness and Hayakawa, but that is quickly finished. Hayakawa is clearly headed for hara-kiri from the day the British staff sit down at his table and plan his bridge for him; anyway, he and Guinness are brothers in one of the great freemasonries, the profession of arms. The real conflict is between Holden and Guinness.

Our immediate sympathies go to Holden. He seems so reasonable, so human, so much like us. He is no coward but is not idiotically brave. Guinness seems blind and touchingly archaic, an avatar of Valley of Death heroism. Well, admiration for the Guinness world is going, and regrets about it are possibly romantic. But extend the frame of reference from the military—for example, from the Korean brain washings that posed so many ethical and legal problems for our own Army; take it into life around us, and one can doubt that absolutely all the fruits of "Holdenism" are good. If the Guinness ethos is reactionary and smug, it nevertheless produces loyalties and idealism that seem beyond our present grasp. The Holden ethos eliminates fogeyism, but perhaps it also breaches the way for a range of vulgarizations that lead progressively to, among other things, the anti-intellectualism we currently bewail.

In its conflict between ideals of self-fulfillment and of self-denial, this film stands with the former; the bitter finish rightly ensures that. Yet that conflict is so fairly presented, and with such understanding, that the influence of the latter must play some part in the public's favorable reaction to the picture. Perhaps this indicates a growing hunger in us for stronger disciplines. Perhaps we are rediscovering that there is little likelihood of self-fulfillment without self-denial. Outside the theater after the film, I heard a young man say to his girl: "No, honey, don't you see? Stupid, yes, but he wasn't just only stupid, he was keeping faith."

A Shaft of Light In Vienna

MORRIS PHILIPSON

The imagination of Vienna is Baroque, and its style was set in the eighteenth century. At the time when the "classical" secular style of Louis XIV was traveling eastward from Paris and the new Jesuit sacred architecture was moving up from the south, the Hapsburg court and its fabulously rich nobles allowed artists to produce a fantasy world of the sacred and secular. It turned out to be a plaster charade of elegance and grace, as daring and delightful as carving heroic statues out of whipped cream, and as substantial.

Driving through the city, we passed the university and drove beyond to the street where Dr. Sigmund Freud lived. His home and office were in an apartment building camouflaged at the moment by a wooden scaffolding, ghostly with a new undercoating of white paint.

There is reason for a tourist to pay tribute to the places where great men lived. When you arrive in a city where you have no personal relations, all of your experiences there might be conditioned by only the nonhuman elements—the weather,

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the food, the traffic—because you move about alone in the presence of people unknown to you. They pass you in restaurants, on the streets, in theaters and museums like so many fish behind the glass of an aquarium, silent and distant, and you are completely separate from them.

In such circumstances, the fact that Beethoven "slept here," that a plaque marks the places where Haydn, Mozart, Wagner, Liszt, Chopin, or Sibelius lived or sojourned, or that here is the café that Max Reinhardt or Franz Werfel or the Zweigs liked best makes possible a coupling in your mind between the value of some appreciated human life and your immediate awareness of an otherwise "uninhabited" place. Your appreciation of the past in this city is the most important connection between you and the present.

Predecessors and Precursors

Vienna is filled with peopled places. In the twentieth century alone it was the seat of two intellectual movements of world-wide significance: psychoanalysis and logical empiricism. The music of Vienna's Schönberg, Alban Berg, and Anton Webern has not been quite so successful, although it is comparably challenging in its field. But whether your recollections involve Freud, Stekel, or Reik; Carnap, Frank, or Schlick; Johann, Richard, or Oscar Strauss, your association with one valued human life ignites your feeling for lives unknown to you. It is then possible to begin to "know" the city.

Along the arcade of the university's central cloister there are busts of the most distinguished professors who taught there. You recognize the name of the Baron Krafft-Ebing, mild-looking as a pince-nez'd bookkeeper, when you walk along toward the door to the office of the medical faculty. There on a pedestal at the left of the stairs is the bust of Sigmund Freud, between the bust of Dr. Moritz Kaposi, 1837-1902, Professor of Dermatology, and Julius Schlosser, Professor of Art History from 1922 to 1938. On the wall immediately behind them are the sculptured profiles of two anatomy professors staring at each other. At the university, Freud stands halfway between Dermatology and Art History.

The head of Freud, in cast bronze with a green patina, is not a satisfying piece of sculpture. It merely looks fierce. The sculptor may have intended to represent Freud's piercing vision, but the head, resting narrowly on only a short neck, seems without nobility or heroism. It looks "pushy." The vision appears crabbed and not farsighted. The face is not at rest in achievement but distorted with strain. It is all tension without release. The beard is so poorly articulated that it looks as if Freud had only a goatee. And the nakedness of the head and neck makes you think of a figure standing with his arms tied behind his back, waiting for the Inquisition or facing a firing squad. Besides that, the head was misty with a coating of white dust; we respectfully wiped his brow with a Kleenex.

Beyond the peopled places are Vienna's Baroque palaces and churches. Hildebrandt's summer palace for Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Belvedere, is an example of superb Baroque as far removed from sentimental Baroque as the Kaufmann house by Frank Lloyd Wright is removed from "modernistic" designs of the 1920's. The masses are so deployed that the long white palace seems light and airy. Instead of being true perpendiculars, the foundation lines tilt, leading the eye back and up. True, it is fussy, too fancy for our taste today, but it has a charm of its own. Seen in a detailed photograph, the great tortuous sculptures of the pillars and balustrade newels in the foyer and stairway make you gag. You would expect them to choke up the space. But in actuality they are well proportioned to the space; the rooms are full of light and air.

The gesticulating, posing candid-camera sculpture of muscle-bound figures in action complements the space, not with unfulfilled tension but with the surprising gracefulness of bizarre gestures. The cultural implication may be that the more effete life became, the more grotesquely masculine the decorations had to be, out of the unconscious need for balance. But the aesthetic truth is that the Baroque artists related such decorations to such architecture successfully.

The huge glass wall-like windows turn out to be predecessors of Bauhaus glass and steel structures. The modern conception of decoration may be very different, but the structural conception of how the out-of-doors should be related to the indoors is surprisingly similar.

Strangely enough, this Baroque palace now contains a museum of nineteenth-century paintings—middle European art derived from the school of Ingres to the early Expressionists, impressive only in the extent to which it is unoriginal.

THE Kunsthistorische Museum, like the Prado or the Louvre, is a hundred books in itself. But one collection there demands special notice: the seventeen paintings by Pieter Brueghel. They are exhibited starkly, set up on easels in a large room with bare walls. In this museum, which is a showplace of Titians, Rembrandts, Dürers, and Caravaggios, Brueghel stands out by virtue of his scope. He sees not only the beauty and the pain of the outer life but the beauty and the horror of the inner life as well.

"The Conversion of St. Paul" is perhaps the most telling of the lot. Brueghel portrays the trip by Saul of Tarsus to Damascus in a caravan or convoylike company. Soldiers on foot, armored knights on horseback, noblemen in rich black or yellow coats with plumed feathers in their fashionable hats, merchants carrying packs on their backs—all moving in company upward through a steep ascent to a higher land. The clearing is so high in the mountains that a cloud is caught among the rocks, and the tall evergreens are thin as Alpine peaks.

The movement of the convoy is suddenly arrested. Small, at the middle of the canvas, St. Paul is the center of curiosity. The nobles and the knights, the soldiers and the peasants circle about to catch a glimpse of the man who has been struck down from his horse—the way a city crowd might gather around a man run over on a busy street.

The Essence of a Technique

That is exactly the impact of the painting. The spiritual conversion is experienced physically in the form of being knocked down; Saul is

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hurled off his horse and lies on his side on the earth looking up. To what? To a shaft of light from above. A white ray, barely perceptible in the golden-tan hues of the rocks, the olive-green of the trees, the brightly colored procession. The ray is ignored by the crowd. It is a purely private experience of Paul's. All the other people see only the man struck down and do not raise their eyes to discover what has "hit" him. You can almost feel the next instant's action: the petulance of the delayed procession, the testiness of the nobles, the anger of the merchants. Surely they will press on in a moment, oblivious of what has happened but annoyed by the delay.

Perhaps this, in a typical example, is the essence of Brueghel's dramatic technique. Using an almost photographic realism for the optically true, he presents a moment of mystical private experience all but submerged in ordinary public life. Brueghel's special genius is in the representation of an experience of eternity as it is encircled by and related to events in time.

YOU LEAVE the Kunsthistorische Museum with Brueghel's visions operating on your own mind. It strikes you that, as a tourist, you are persistently aware of experiences that consist of suddenly coming upon the past in the present or the beautiful in the ugly. Remnants of history or works of art stand out from the world about you like telephone poles in a flooded landscape. The swirling waters of daily life make their demands, powerfully coursing, oblivious or indifferent, around the objects and the places of some transcendent value for you. You look about at Vienna and try to measure your own experiences by Brueghel's standard. "The Conversion of St. Paul" is a representation of an overwhelming religious experience; your sojourn in Vienna consists of mildly significant tourist's experiences. But Brueghel's visions help you to see your own experience better.

Brueghel does not ask you to choose the earthly above the heavenly, any more than he suggests that you should feel committed to the eternal above the temporal. He shows you the two as they are in life: together.

The Post-Bop Legitimacy Of Modern Jazz

NAT HENTOFF

"THE OUTLOOK for jazz is gloomy," an established critic said in 1944. "Only by returning to New Orleans jazz can it become a living art form." What troubled him, along with many other listeners and older jazz musicians, was the fierce persistence with which a young generation of "boppers," Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie among them, seemed determined to "destroy" the traditions of the jazz language.

The beat of jazz was being—so it sounded to many—shattered into the Dadaism of a runaway dentist's drill by the invasion of much more complex polyrhythms than had been customary. The harmonic usages of these revolutionaries were increasingly complicated; and as a corollary, the practice of improvising melodic variations on a recurring theme became secondary to a preoc-

cupation with improvisations based primarily on newly challenging harmonic patterns. For once, the followers of Guy Lombardo were joined by Dixieland and swing-music partisans in the accusatory demand, "Where's the melody?"

IN RETROSPECT, the bitter campaign that finally established modern jazz in its present position of predominance in record releases and live performances appears clearly not to have been a denial of the achievements of Armstrong, Basie, and Ellington. It was, rather, a similar kind of natural if embattled evolution to the situation that now makes it impossible for a contemporary classical composer to write in the manner of Debussy or Wagner, no matter how much he may admire or have learned from either. Jazz, after all, is a medium for urgent self-expression, and the young insurgents of the 1940's could no longer feel—let alone speak—in the language of Armstrong. Aside from musical needs, the young Negro jazzmen, who at first formed the majority of the modernists, felt more assertively combative about many issues apart from music than did Armstrong and most other Negro jazzmen of earlier generations; and this change in attitude to their social context came out in their music.

In explaining the difference in the sound of modern jazz during its beginnings—a sound that for a long while struck traditionalist ears as harsh and sour ("Chinese music," Louis Armstrong said chauvinistically), arranger-composer Gil Evans pointed out simply: "If you express new thoughts and ideas in old ways, you take the vigor and excitement out of the new thoughts. For example, Miles Davis couldn't play like Louis because the sound would interfere with his thoughts. Miles had to start almost with no sound and then develop one as he went along, a sound suitable for the ideas he wanted to express."

The extent of the victory of the modernists in the past decade may be partially indicated by the fact that the "culture" represented by Dizzy Gillespie and his band has twice been dispatched overseas by the State Department as part of the International Educational Exchange Program. With a few beleaguered exceptions, the critics who were excommunicating the "boppers" ten years ago now cite them as examples of "mainstream" jazz virtue for today's tyros to follow.

'Where I Got My Funky Style'

The youngest professional jazzmen, those players now in their late teens and early twenties, react to their

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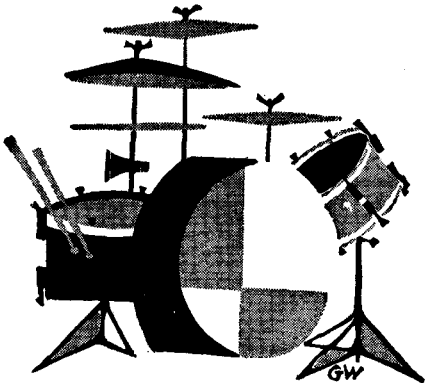
elders' stories about the merciless polemics of the 1940's as they might to a recital of the excesses in the Wars of the Roses. That the modern jazz with which they have grown up and which they have absorbed so naturally should ever have been regarded as anti-jazz is inexplicable to them.

The fact that modern jazzmen, the heirs of Parker and Gillespie, are now working in a period of relative peace while consolidating the innovations of the past two decades has given many of them the time and inclination to examine the root sources of jazz. Since they need not be constantly on the offensive to defend and prove their "modernity," they are able to underline the growing primacy in much of their work —no matter how involved their continuing experiments become—of such indigenous jazz elements as the blues, the deeply pulsating beat, and, in an increasing number of cases, a singing melodic line. Take, for instance, the compositions of Benny Golson, a characteristic young second-generation modernist, for the albums *Lee Morgan, Vols. 2 and 3* (Blue Note 1541, 1557). And as has happened with alleged revolutionaries in other fields who have come to power, the new leaders are concerned with demonstrating the depth of their legitimacy.

Among the younger modernists, for example, the ultimate tribute one can pay a jazzman is to assert that he has "soul." Horace Silver, an influential pianist-composer-leader, explains his composition "Soulville," in his album *The Stylings of Silver* (Blue Note 1562): ". . . this is a blues-type number. Everybody has the kind of soul I mean here, but some have so much it reaches out and touches you." (Most of the critics fifteen years ago were convinced the modernists had sold their blues souls for Mephistophelean technical wizardry and that their music accordingly was "cold, cerebral, and mechanical.")

The soul of which Horace Silver speaks is used in a secular sense, but several of the younger jazzmen are happily tracing their music back to such pre-jazz sources as spiritual and gospel singing. Milt Jackson of the Modern Jazz Quartet says in connection with his own album *Plenty, Plenty Soul* (Atlantic 1269): "What is 'soul' in jazz? It's what comes from within; it's what happens when the inner part of you comes out. It's the part of playing you can't get out of books and studies. In my case, I believe that what I heard and felt in the music of my church [a "Sanctified" church in which the services are based largely on uninhibitedly pulsating music] was the most powerful influence on my musical career and that's where I got my funky style."



Several of the young jazzmen, in fact, have been writing compelling compositions of a gospel nature, such as Silver's "The Preacher" in *Horace Silver and the Jazz Messengers* (Blue Note 1518); Johnny Griffin's "Right Down Front" in *Art Blakey: The Jazz Messengers* (Bethlehem BCP-6023); and Julian Adderley's "Sermonette" in *Quincy Jones: This Is How I Feel About Jazz* (ABC Paramount ABC-149).

Progeny of the Bird

The most venturesome of the younger improvisers, men who are creating—and meeting—more harmonic and rhythmic challenges and extending the capacities of their instruments, continue to be immersed in the blues, the same as their chief procreator, the late Charlie Parker. Parker, best known to his progeny as "Bird," was not only the greatest single influence on the development of modern jazz but more recently has been an ikon for the "beat" generation. It seems likely, however, that most of the latter may not know Parker's music any better than they know the poetry of Dylan Thomas, with whom they tend to group Parker as "victims" of the men in the Brooks Brothers suits. *The Charlie Parker Story,* Savoy MG-12709, is the most valuable introduction to his work, partly because of the extraordinarily helpful notes by John Mehegan, which emphasize, incidentally, that "Parker constantly returned to the blues as a wellspring of expression."

The most respected and daring young modern tenor saxophonist, Sonny Rollins, joins equally dedicated modernists J. J. Johnson, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver, Paul Chambers, and Art Blakey in a performance of Monk's blues, "Misterioso" (*Sonny Rollins,* Blue Note 1558), that is as nakedly urgent as a section of Bessie Smith or Sidney Bechet autobiography. And the asymmetrical, dissonant, sardonic Monk, who may well turn out to be a major direction setter for much of the future of jazz, plunges into a blues, "Functional" (in *Thelonious Himself,* Riverside RLP 12-235), that made him nod when listening to the playback and say, "I sound like James P. Johnson." (James P., the mentor of Fats Waller, was an authoritative blues and ragtime player.)

John Lewis, musical director and pianist of the Modern Jazz Quartet, the most popular of the growing number of closely integrated modern units, is superficially renowned for his "fugal" approach to jazz. But Lewis himself emphasizes that the large, improvised base for the group's performances—no matter how precisely formal the individual frameworks may be—is built up from the blues and from the contributions to the jazz language of older players, like those in the Count Basie band of the 1930's and early 1940's. (Two superior Modern Jazz Quartet albums are *Django,* Prestige LP 7057, and *Fontessa,* Atlantic 1231.)

'A Big Pool of Feeling'

Even those jazz composers who are considered the most imaginatively nonconformist are traditionalists in T. S. Eliot's sense: they realize that "art never improves, but that the material of art is never quite the same . . . change is a development which abandons nothing *en route.*"

In his *Jazz Workshop* album, George Russell (Victor LPM-1372), who has worked out his own Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization, bases several of his works on spirit-

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uals and blues; and Russell's "All About Rosie," part of Brandeis University's concert of commissioned jazz compositions this past June, took its germinal motif from an Alabama Negro children's game. Another searching jazz composer, Charlie Mingus, feels it necessary in some of his works (as in *Pithecanthropus Erectus,* Atlantic 1237) to return to the very beginning of Afro-American music, the "cry." Incidentally this subject has been very well described and analyzed in *The Romance of the Negro Folk Cry in America* by Willis Laurence James of Atlanta University.

Some of the modernists were open to the whole of the jazz tradition from the time they started playing. Others began with the belief that meaningful jazz dated only from Charlie Parker, and these gradually deepened their perspective and their music. A few, like Jimmy Giuffre (*The Jimmy Giuffre 3,* Atlantic 1254), came upon a full realization of the sources of jazz rather suddenly and recently. "The blues," Giuffre said a few weeks ago, "not exactly the twelve-bar blues but the feeling of the blues, is, I'm sure, in all of jazz; but it started to creep in more evidently in our work, and especially in my writing, only within the past couple of years. I noticed it as I wrote a piece for the Modern Jazz Quartet ("Fun" in *Modern Jazz Quartet at Music Inn,* Atlantic 1247). I noticed some kind of mood there that wasn't traceable to any individual like Lester Young or Stan Getz or Charlie Parker. It just sort of fell into a big pool of feeling, and it was a revelation to me to find something that certainly wasn't original but that I could make contact with and yet retain my identity without having to go directly from any one person."

FORTUNATELY, then, the call of the outraged critic in 1944 for jazz to return to the New Orleans way of playing and thinking that it might remain "a living art form" was ignored. The musicians, as usual, went their own ways, became accepted after a while as developers and not arsonists, and in their own full time matured even more as they thought and felt more deeply about where they had come from.

(Advertisement)

He fought an unheralded battle— as important as any in our era

Adventures in Medical Education

BY G. CANBY ROBINSON

DR. ROBINSON'S long, event-studded career spans the first six decades of the 20th century. He is the dedicated man who was instrumental in the fight to bring American medical education out of the "dark ages" at the turn of the century and who played a major part in what is already known as "the heroic age" of American medicine.

WHEN Canby Robinson graduated from the Johns Hopkins Medical School in 1903, that school with Drs. Welch and Osler on its faculty, was a phenomenon, a nonpareil, on the American scene. And when young Dr. Robinson, imbued with the ideals of the Hopkins, decided to find a career in the almost non-existent field of academic medicine, he was heading, not for a quiet life, but for the arena where great battles were to be fought. His adventures are set down in this absorbing chronicle.

Medical education and training sank to a disgracefully low level in this country during the 19th century, and the "dark era," as the author describes it, continued on well into our own century. Between 1900 and 1910, roughly, a medical revolution began of a violence and importance that were almost equally unknown to the general public whose care and well-being were at issue.

AT THE time Dr. Robinson's narrative begins, the overwhelming majority of doctors in this country received their medical education in proprietary schools. It is merely necessary to point out that the income of these schools derived either wholly or in large part from tuition fees in order to glimpse the ocean of evils in which medical education was drowning. The system led to multiplication of schools, competition for students, the virtual abandonment of admission or achievement standards, inferior teachers, and short courses of lectures only. Students had little or no opportunity for research training, laboratory or clinical work, or for acquiring experiences in a hospital and with patients.

In general this was the situation when, in 1908, Abraham Flexner was asked by the Carnegie Foundation to make a study of American medical schools. He did so, using Johns Hopkins as a standard of comparison, and his report, published in 1910, began a chain reaction whose repercussions are still being felt. The simplest and most immediate effect of the report was to mark and recommend for extinction 120 of the 155 medical schools then in existence in the United States and Canada.

AMONG these stormy and exciting events Canby Robinson entered on his first major appointment in academic medicine as a member of the staff of the recently created Rockefeller Institute Hospital. From then on he was to play a part of ever increasing importance in the great movement to raise the standards of medical education to the university level and win acceptance for the idea, among many others, that research into the causes of disease must go hand in hand with its treatment.

IN 1913 at a time when there was no first class medical school "west of the Blue Ridge Mountains" Dr. Robinson moved to St. Louis as associate professor of medicine to join in the epoch-making establishment of the reorganized Washington University Medical School. When that achievement was both history and a going concern in 1920 he went to Nashville to direct, according to his own now tested ideas, the reorganization of what became the fine Vanderbilt University Medical School. And then in 1928, on the eve of the great depression that changed the cut of so many pieces of cloth, he returned to New York to undertake the colossal task of being the director of the newly formed New York Hospital-Cornell Medical College Association, an organization which is now, after countless difficulties, spiritually and physically at home in its magnificent plant on the East River.

Canby Robinson moved on from New York in the '30's to China and back again to the United States where, at Johns Hopkins once more, he was one of the pioneers in the study of social and emotional factors in illness. Through the span of turbulent and creative years, the career of this much loved and admired physician has been at the leading edge of progress in American medicine.

In Canby Robinson's account of his own life he presents an accurate and engrossing picture of an historic period in the annals of medicine. Many great men emerge in these pages and above all Dr. Robinson conveys clearly the sense of companionship in a great purpose.

ADVENTURES IN MEDICAL EDUCATION has just been published for the Commonwealth Fund by Harvard University Press. It is available at $5.00 through your booksellers.

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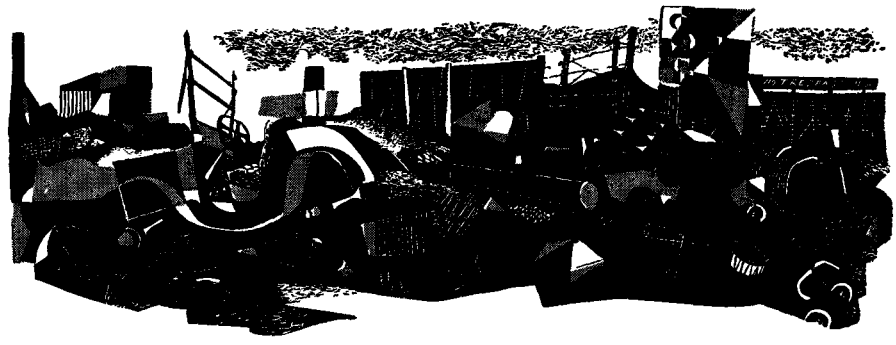

THEATER:

Something Unspeakable

MARYA MANNES

SCENE: *A garden, composed entirely of giant pitcher plants. A door, left, leads into an old Southern house. The air is filled with the strangled buzz of flies being trapped by the plants.*

Characters: *The* PLAYWRIGHT, *who looks like Tennessee Williams.*
The DOCTOR, *who looks like* ME.

[*When the curtain rises, the* PLAYWRIGHT *is under the influence of sodium pentothal. I am under the influence of the* PLAYWRIGHT.]

ME: Give me your resistance. I want to have all your resistance.

PLAYWRIGHT (*drowsily, with his eyes half closed*): I am giving it to you.

ME: I want all the truth. I want you to tell me why you wrote *Suddenly Last Summer.*

PLAYWRIGHT: Because life is terrible and sweet and beautiful.

ME: What is beautiful?

PLAYWRIGHT: Words are beautiful. There is nothing more beautiful than words.

ME: What is terrible?

PLAYWRIGHT: Mothers are terrible. Relatives are terrible. Love is terrible.

ME: What is sweet?

PLAYWRIGHT: The iridescence of decay is sweet. The odor of putrescence is sweet. The silence of audiences is sweet.

ME: What do you think about women?

PLAYWRIGHT: Women are either bitches or victims of bitches. If they have any goodness it is destroyed.

ME: Go on.

PLAYWRIGHT: Their goodness destroys men as much as their evil does. Women betray themselves over and over in talk. I can hear them all the time.

ME: What do you think about men?

PLAYWRIGHT: Men? Men are either ghosts or monsters. Virtue makes them ghosts; vice makes them monsters. Men cannot live without women and they have no future with women.

ME: Who has a future?

PLAYWRIGHT: Plants. Playwrights without hope.

ME: Tell me, did you really have to have your Sebastian eaten alive by starved children? Why?

PLAYWRIGHT: I like to appall.

ME: Why do you like to appall?

PLAYWRIGHT: People like to be appalled. It glues them to their seats.

ME: Can't you glue them to their seats without horror?

PLAYWRIGHT: It's harder. In a world of violence, people can only be stirred by violence. A torn mind is more shocking than a whole one. A torn body is more exciting than a whole one.

ME: What did you mean to say in *Suddenly Last Summer?*

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PLAYWRIGHT: Say? I do not use the theater to say. I use the theater to enthrall. Magic need not have meaning. Who needs the reason for enchantment?

ME: I want to ask you about that other play about the two Southern women: *Something Unspoken.*

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes. What do you want to know?

ME: Why did you write that?

PLAYWRIGHT: It's good for actresses. They like to play bitches or victims of bitches.

ME: Yes, but there must be something more to it than that.

PLAYWRIGHT: There is something unspoken.

ME: Hate?

PLAYWRIGHT: You can label it that if you want.

ME: But isn't that rather a familiar relationship: the rich dominant woman and the timid crushed companion?

PLAYWRIGHT: Nothing is familiar with new words. Or no words.

ME: I'd like to ask you something else about that play—

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes?

ME: It's about Miss Alden, who plays the part of the companion. Her mouth is wide open most of the time, even when she isn't talking. Why is that?

PLAYWRIGHT: It's a sort of silent scream.

ME: Something unspoken?

PLAYWRIGHT: You might call it that.

ME: But she has it open as the mother in *Suddenly Last Summer* too. And the girl in the play who "took her son away" is always talking, under sodium pentothal, of the black, open mouths of the starving Spanish children who eat Sebastian.

PLAYWRIGHT: Don't you find it a horrible image?

ME: I certainly do.

PLAYWRIGHT: Well?

ME: Tell me something: The dreadful mother in *Suddenly* wants the girl to have a lobotomy to rid her of her frightful vision.

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes?

ME: Would you like to be rid of your frightful visions?

PLAYWRIGHT (*Leaping up and out from under drug*): ME? Good God, no! Where would I be without them!

CURTAIN

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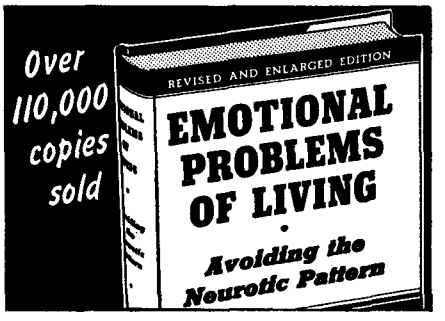

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Ten Young Novelists In Search of Pity

ALFRED KAZIN

THE LIVING NOVEL: A SYMPOSIUM. Edited by Granville Hicks. *Macmillan. $4.50.*

Mr. Hicks has brought together ten younger novelists to answer the charge that the novel is dead. Why novelists, it will be asked, and not their novels? Don't their novels speak for them? Do novelists have to write essays about that intangible subject, "The Novel," when they are Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, Herbert Gold, Wright Morris, Flannery O'Connor—among others? The answer is that the novel as a literary form, as a matchless form for conveying the breadth and truth of social life, *does* have to be argued for just now. The apathy of the general reading public toward new fiction is matched by the contempt expressed by both academic and *avant-garde* circles—the first respects no fiction not written by Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Hemingway; the second regards fiction as crude and inexpressive. Most intellectuals in America probably feel these days that American novels are hopelessly outdistanced by political and technological changes, and that when novels are topical, they are ineffective; when wholly imaginative, "unreal."

Publishers distrust novels today; readers seek distraction in detective stories, science fiction, magazines; critics are superior. Yes, *the* novel needs to be defended, for the novel, as Mr. Hicks rightly says, has its enemies, and the young novelist who so often today finds himself drearily "teaching" students how to write fiction may well feel, as so many contributors to this book obviously do, that the novel as a form is unrespected and the novelist as a writer unwanted.

BUT sympathetic as I am to the purpose of this book and to several of the novelists in it, I can't help noticing that the dreariness of the novelist's situation in America today seems to have stolen into these essays, and that there is a good deal more self-pity and incoherent brooding in the book than will encourage me to believe that the enemies of the novel have at last met their match.

It is all very well to complain of these forces, and I want to make it clear that I entirely agree with Granville Hicks, Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, and Wright Morris as to who these are: critics like Yvor Winters, who are incapable of respecting anything but poetry that is their kind of poetry; critics like T. S. Eliot, who once wrote that "the novel ended with Flaubert and James"; critics like Lionel Trilling, who lament that America is socially not

complex and hierarchical enough to produce the kind of nineteenth-century novels they have studied and taught all their lives; critics like Leslie Fiedler, who seem to be incapable of writing a competent piece of fiction but who sneer at those who at least are professionals in their field—to say nothing of publishers who will not take a chance and readers who will not make an effort. But as John Brooks notes in this volume, the novel, though it is always being called "dead," is alive whenever a really good book comes along. The "enemies" of the novel, though their pontifications may annoy and hurt, are utterly ineffective against the really powerful and original new novels that have come along in recent years—Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* won several important literary prizes and awards, and sold a million and a half copies in the paperback edition. True, it did not win the Pulitzer Prize, but this failure used to be considered a distinction among American writers, at least two of whom turned down Pulitzer Prizes in the old days.

Alas, nowadays American writers want everything they can get from society. Mark Harris complains in this book that *Life* decided not to serialize a baseball novel that it had seriously considered for some time, whereupon Mr. Harris was deprived of many thousands of dollars, which went to a manufacturer of light fiction instead. But what would a good novel be doing in *Life* anyway, and why should the *Life* people publish a serious novelist when they can get William Brinkley or Herman Wouk?

There is a good deal of childish self-pity in this book. Harvey Swados, who is an interesting young novelist, not least because he has the courage to have political conceptions of today's situation, admits that "If it were possible for the novelist to take his place as a productive and accepted member of society, most of the complaints we have been analyzing thus far would doubtless recede into their properly trivial proportions." Imagine Hemingway or Fitzgerald or Faulkner publicly expressing a wish to be "a productive and accepted member of society." And for that matter, imagine Hemingway, Fitzgerald, or Faulkner this much bothered by critics at all!

A Mummified 'Modernity'

Yet the novelists in this book are bothered, and for a valid and incontrovertibly objective reason. The fact

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is that serious critics in this country write only in behalf of the kind of literature that came to fruition in the 1920's. This is what they mean by "modern literature," and in its name they shut the door to the young, the new, the "crude," the unfamous, the unheard. It is "modern literature"—Eliot, Joyce, Hemingway, Faulkner, etc., etc.—that alone rouses interest in academic quarters today. It is "modern literature" alone that gives background to critics like Leslie Fiedler, who in *Partisan Review* complains that young novelists are always a terrible bore and that he would rather go to the movies. It is "modern literature" that bedazzles publishers, who fail the young writer because they have too much "taste" and not enough imagination. It is "modern literature" exclusively that interests the sophisticated directors of paperback series. It is "modern literature" alone that interests my students, who were born in 1936 and 1937 but who can't read anything later than Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

"Modern literature" is a terrible tyrant. The 1920's died several world cataclysms back. It is time that we stopped worshiping Joyce and Eliot and Hemingway and made a place for the young.

BUT WHAT are the young doing besides crying that they can't get into *Life*? What are they doing besides teaching from Hemingway's "The Killers" and getting mad at the academic rubber stamps who fill up the *Hudson* and *Kenyon Reviews*? What are they doing besides looking for a symbol in *The Great Gatsby* that nobody else has yet discovered?

The "enemies" of the novel are unmistakably with us, but does Mr. Hicks seriously think that Yvor Winters explains why several of the contributors to this book write such poor novels? Is there anything that critics ever say that can't be dissolved by a really good new book that comes along? There is too much explanation here of why literary times are bad and writers don't write. It is dangerous for writers to have too many grievances, for they may convince themselves that writing is useless.

The Irrelevant Honesty Of an Artist in Politics

EUGENE BURDICK

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Dwight Macdonald. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.75.*

These are not "memoirs," and of course Macdonald is no "revolutionist." The book is a collection of fascinating essays written over many years. They cover big events and some not so big. Democracy, the spirit of Gandhi, responsibility for war, "the bomb," and culture all come in for brilliant examination. As far as I know, Macdonald has never been active in a revolution. The use of the word in the title follows an ancient rule by which moderates like the Webbs and Macdonald and G. D. H. Cole love bloody-minded words, while, paradoxically, those who have actually manned the barricades prefer softer titles for their works. Lenin's *What Is to Be Done?* and Bakunin's *The Knouto-Germanic Empire* are titles much too mild for moderates.

This is a book in which the eye subtly tricks the intellect. The type is tiny, the pages cramped, the make-up bad. Slowly, as if the physical appearance of the book had seeped into its substance, one feels that this is a tiny book about tiny ideas and tiny men. There is a lapidary, precise, intricate aspect to the writing which adds to the illusion. Even when one's intellect knows better, one feels that the book is an elegant gnawing at esoteric and tiny things.

The aura of diminutiveness is, however, not altogether false. Mac-

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donald has an exceptional eye for the criminal, odd, and inconsistent fragment of a complex situation. He puts such fragments under a focus so strong that the microscopic purity is in itself staggering. But the fragment cannot be put back into any sort of useful pattern. It provides no basis for future experience, no aid to generalization.

Take, for example, his hair-raising description of Birkenau and Maidanek, where Jews were efficiently exterminated in enormous numbers. With a pitiless skill Macdonald traces out the horror of these camps and then asks the question, "Who is responsible?" The Allies, he argues, are surely not blameless, for they made the decision to bomb German civilian centers. The German people hardly knew of the camps and in any case were powerless to prevent what happened. Slowly it emerges that no one is responsible. And instantly these enormities become bleached and shrunken, oddly suspended beyond solution and generalization. And tinier.

When he turns to the domestic scene Macdonald is sharp and acid and antic, although he overestimates the interest of readers in radical politics of the 1930's. With a cool eye he sketches in the battles between the Stalinists, Shachtmanites, the Socialist Labor Party, the Lovestoneites, Dewey, Burnham, the *Partisan Review,* and the colorful array of short-lived periodicals. There are waspish attacks on Trotsky, and stings fly back from Mexico. Factions form and dissolve, tempers rage, manifestoes are issued. It is intricate, arcane, confusing, and utterly trivial. These groups had nothing to do with broad policy, no impact on events, no working-class following, indeed no following of any kind. It was their very minuteness, their striving for a functionless purity, the delicious pleasure of gossip and personality slicing, that kept them at it. Their story tells something about the human condition but not much about politics. It is odd that none of them sensed this.

Never Dull, Seldom Relevant

It is almost impossible for Macdonald to be dull or to be dishonest. What is more difficult is for him to be relevant. He will fasten on a target, take expert aim, and then a liberal tic causes him to shift targets and the new target is bewildering. The book *McCarthy and His Enemies,* Macdonald illustrates, is dishonest, but so is most of the "liberal" and radical press; Howard Fast and his friends are not revolutionaries, but "quite the contrary"; Gandhi is not a mystic, but immensely practical; McCarthy was a liar, but Marshall richly deserved much of his lashing; Russia is woefully evil, but bourgeois countries are not much better; Luce's proposal for a "cultural" magazine would be silly because the *Nation* has already confused all the possible readership. All of these things may be true, but they do not add up to much.

There is a reason for this. Macdonald is an artist who by some odd mistake stumbled into politics. The artist is responsible only for the fragment of reality he chooses to work on, but the political theorist is responsible for some sort of overview and it is a dread responsibility. Macdonald simply lacks a politics. It is like watching a surgeon who can cut through with consummate skill to a malignancy—and can neither excise it nor sew his way back out. He can only remark it. Macdonald, who can be acidly bright on the principles and standards of others, becomes curiously obscurantist on his own faith when he writes: "We must look both more widely and more deeply for relief from the dilemma of increasing political impotence accompanied by increasing political responsibility. To our essential humanity and to a more sensitive and passionate respect for our own and other people's humanity." This, plus an implicit faith in something like a syndicalist vision and spontaneous revolution, is the most solid aspect of Macdonald's politics.

However, no man should be criticized for what is a rare and useful talent. For bright, hard, isolated insights Macdonald is unsurpassed. His very fascination with these insights makes him incapable of any general view of politics.

The Monotony Of Promiscuity

WARREN G. BOVÉE

Some Came Running, by James Jones. *Scribner. $7.50.*

In *From Here to Eternity,* Karen Holmes speaks to the mask of herself in the mirror:

"Leave me, Mask, she said at it.

"If, replied the Mask, you shrink from evil when its cloak is flung upon your shoulders, the more closely will it wrap its suffocating folds around you."

In *Some Came Running,* Gwen French was reading one of her father's occult books, and "in one of them, a thin little volume called *Light on the Path,* she had read a phrase that leaped out at her from the page *'Shun not the cloak of evil, for if you do it will be yours to wear.'* It leaped out bodily at her and into her heart and mind and she read on: *'And if you turn with horror from it, when it is flung upon your shoulders, it will cling the more closely to you.'"*

These passages might suggest that James Jones's second novel is but a reprise of his first. In a way it is unfortunate that this is not true. The earlier novel had power; *Some Came Running,* in spite of the six years that went into writing its 1,266 pages, has not. *Eternity* re-created an environment of suppression, tedium, and enforced conformity in which we were quite willing to believe that an Army sergeant would try to "make" the captain's wife "simply to express himself," and that the captain's wife would give herself to him for much the same reason. In *Some Came Running,* however, the tedium and frustrations which engulf the characters are of their own

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making, and we find it difficult to sympathize with those who, having made their sordid beds, express anguish at the thought of lying in them.

In his second novel, Jones has attempted to record the generally humdrum thoughts and actions of a considerable segment of the population of Parkman, Illinois, during the period between the end of the Second World War and the beginning of the Korean War. Brushing sense and syntax aside, he rumbles along, writing pontifically of common lore, esoteric occultism, and ubiquitous sex. Relentlessly, he tells us all, not once but again and again and again.

FRANK HIRSH, owner of a jewelry store, has lived in Parkman all his life. He fights (in private) with his wife, doesn't understand his daughter, hates his father. And what is his great consuming dream? Mr. Jones tells us at least six times: he wants to build a modernistic business site and have inscribed on it, in letters five feet tall, HIRSH BLOCK. Frank had ordered his more complex younger brother, Dave, out of town nineteen years ago because, by getting a country girl pregnant, he had smirched the family name. When Dave returns, he brings with him decorations won in the Battle of the Bulge, two published novels, and a publisher's certificate to the effect that he possesses "penetrating insight." The quality of this insight, which is juvenile and pedestrian, can be judged by two instances. When Gwen French, college teacher and mentor to Parkman's bevy of young writers, says of her own writing that "I sometimes think one of my troubles is that it isnt painful enough for me, doesnt really cause me enough real agony," Dave is amazed: "It was an unusually perceptive statement for her to make, one that showed a pretty thorough knowledge of the workings of the creative mind —at least as he had come to understand it." And when Wally Dennis, one of Gwen French's protégés, comments that the trouble with Thomas Wolfe was that "he never got any older," Dave is "startled by the perception."

Mainly, Dave is concerned not with insights but with sex. So are all the other characters in the

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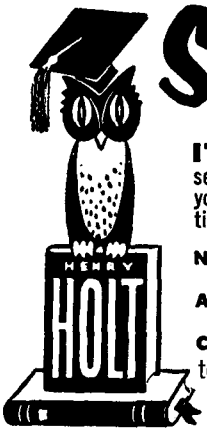

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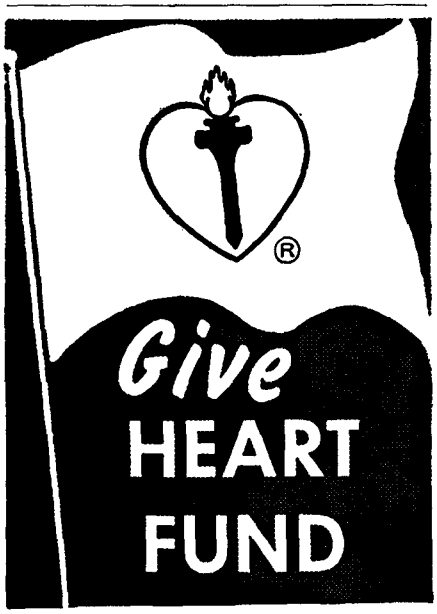

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book, those in Frank Hirsh's coterie of Parkman respectables just as fervently as those in Dave Hirsh's caravan of low-lifers. They think, talk, read about sex, and, of course, participate in numerous varieties of sexual acts. "It was really all only sex. All. Everything. The game and the profession of the universe. Money was made, and music written, books were written, statues, poems, governments fell. All. All for sex." In *Some Came Running,* however, the notion that sexual repression and inhibition are the roots of anxieties and psychoses has been turned around and thrown back in the psychiatrists' faces; it is sexual expression and sexual exhibition that dominate the anxious and psychotic characters of *Some Came Running.* If the book has any moral, it is this: how dull and unsatisfying is sex without love!

BUT NEED one be dull and repetitious to prove this, or any other point? Jones seems to think so. Within four pages he relentlessly pounds out "took the phone stolidly," "said stolidly," "said stolidly," "said stolidly," "said stolidly," "said stolidly." Elsewhere in the long, generally irrelevant passages devoted to Frank and Dave's estranged parents, we read: "He wished (his mind froze:) Elvira would find out about it . . ." and "She had never forsaken God like (her mind froze stiffly:) Victor had done"—on and on through several dozen "frozen" references.

From Here to Eternity did not win for Jones a reputation as a stylist, yet there he did manage to avoid such a sentence as this: "Frank was then already married and his wife pregnant to the daughter of the man who owned the cheap notion-semi-jewelry store he worked for which he later developed with his own blood into exclusiveness and was already having his own girl friends on the side one of them the store's bookkeeper whom his wife's father now dead had slept with for years."

Within this bloated body of words there still flicker some sparks of talent. Yet in comparison with *From Here to Eternity's* crude but recognizable humanity, *Some Came Running* is like Frankenstein's laboriously constructed monster: a creature with the body of a giant and the mind of an idiot.

The Worst of All Possible Universities

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

PURELY ACADEMIC, by Stringfellow Barr. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

As a novelist, Stringfellow Barr has an impressive absence of qualifications. He prepared for the craft by being a college professor and college president—he was the founder of the so-called Great Books program at St. John's College, Annapolis. These professions are presumed to prepare a man at most for premature senility, and he has produced his first novel at the age of sixty. This is approximately thirty years after the modal American novelist reaches his peak and begins his irretrievable descent into alcohol.

More seriously, close inspection of Mr. Barr's book shows that he is weak on plot and construction. Episodes are suddenly cooked up out of nothing and handed to the reader to digest as best he can. The men and women undergo highly implausible changes of character as conditions require. His handling of sex can perhaps best be described as deanly. Yet despite these formidable handicaps, Mr. Barr has written an interesting, amusing, and indubitably brutal novel.

AS MIGHT be expected, it is about university life; the setting is an awesome academic slum somewhere west of Chicago. As the story opens, the president, a man whose moronic tendencies are mitigated only by his willingness to scrounge money wherever and from whomever it can be had—is about to be called to the lusher pastures of the state A. & M. (Mr. Barr should know that all but the most resistant of these once bucolic institutions are now state colleges where they have not become universities.) The principal professor of economics, an uncharacteristically assertive man for his profession, gets ready to take over. He is both helped and hurt by the fact that he has recently emerged as one of the nation's leading exponents of People's Capitalism—helped by the fame but hurt because one or two of the trustees have heard that the whole concept smacks of Russia or even of Eisenhower. He is also both helped and hurt by the fact that his wife is the campus bitch.

Into this situation strides the professor of history, an exceptionally mousy character who has suddenly acquired eminence because of his colleagues' belief that he is doing secret work for Washington. In fact he isn't. But this no one knows, for the project is so secret that he cannot be asked what he is doing, or indeed whether he is doing anything. From this point on, the "plot" thickens.

That it does could hardly matter less, for the plot is important only as the occasion for a series of admirably satirical vignettes of university life: a conference to consider the allocation of research funds, a faculty meeting, a department meeting on the curriculum, a faculty cocktail party, commencement, the inauguration of the new president.

There was never a university quite so bad as Mr. Barr's—on this point someone is fairly certain to accuse him of giving aid and comfort to the nation's enemies. But there is enough that is banal, pretentious, and even asinine in university administration, politics, and liturgy to provide Mr. Barr with a defensible tie to reality. He has merely made what is pretty bad totally bad.

THE FUNCTION of this novel is, no doubt, a special one and in essence therapeutic. It has already served as a solvent for Mr. Barr's aggressions (which plainly are quite phenomenal), and he must be a more relaxed and happy man as a result. I would suppose that a number of his academic readers will discover that it does the same for them. In any case, faculty wives should try the book out on their husbands before resorting to poison.

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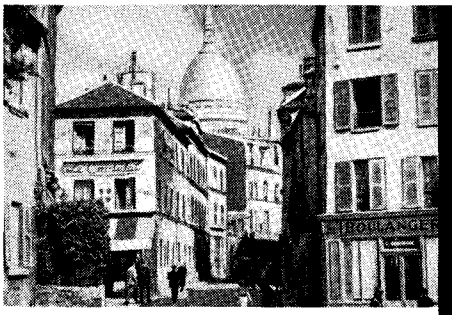

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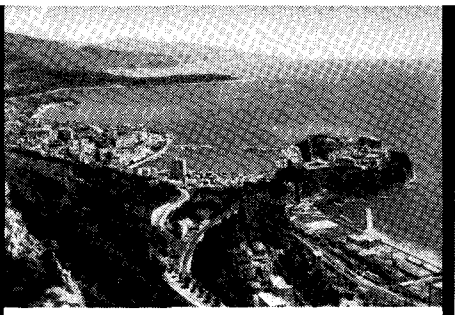

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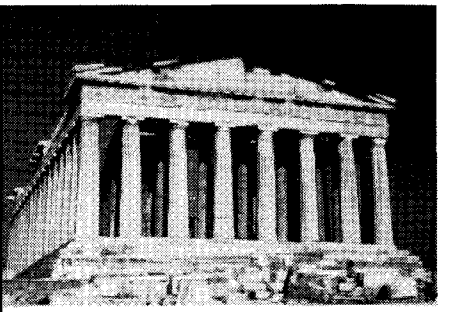

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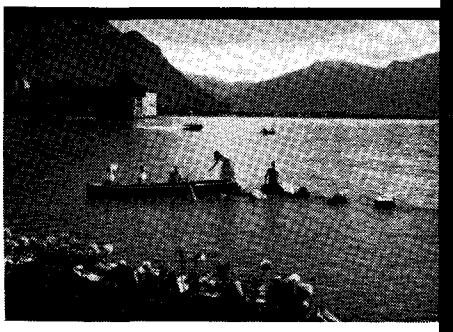

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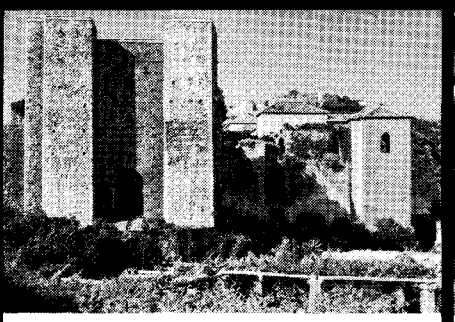

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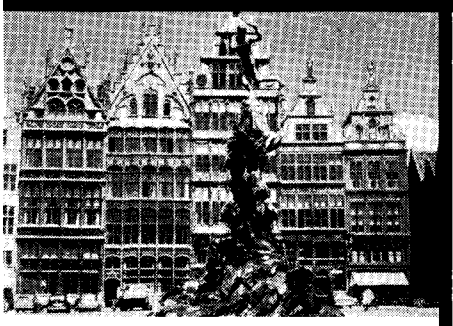

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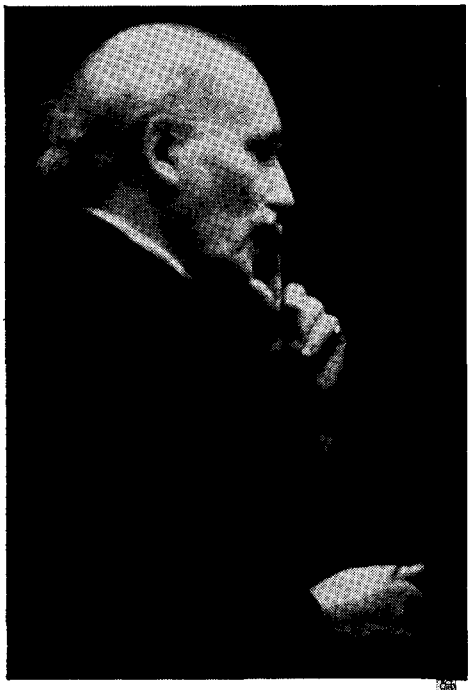


THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSIC PERFORMED BY WORLD-CELEBRATED ARTISTS

. . . at a 45% saving the first year and 33⅓% thereafter

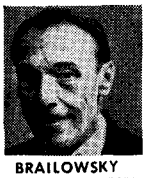
. . . this can be done by building up your collection *systematically,* instead of haphazardly — and always with the help and the guidance of the distinguished panel listed below

MOST MUSIC-LOVERS, in the back of their minds, certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Under this plan, since this can be done *systematically,* operating costs can be greatly reduced, thus permitting extraordinary economies for the record collector. The remarkable Introductory Offer at the left is a dramatic demonstration. It represents a 45% saving the first year.

✶ Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING.** For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal Record free.*

✶ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works that should be included in any well-balanced library. Members of the panel are as follows:

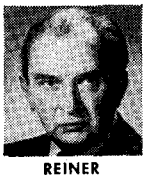
DEEMS TAYLOR, composer and commentator, Chairman
SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, General Music Director, NBC
JACQUES BARZUN, author and music critic
JOHN M. CONLY, editor of *High Fidelity*
AARON COPLAND, composer
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, music critic of *San Francisco Chronicle*
DOUGLAS MOORE, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University
WILLIAM SCHUMAN, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music
CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Professor of Music, Harvard University

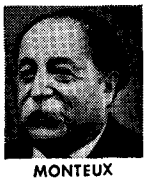

BRAILOWSKY

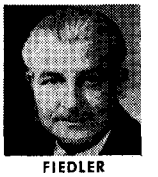
LANDOWSKA

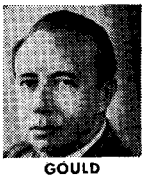
PIATIGORSKY

MUNCH


REINER


MONTEUX


FIEDLER

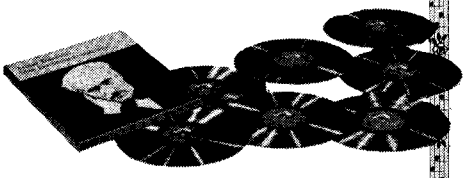

GOULD

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

EACH month, three or more RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records will be announced to members. One will always be singled out as the *record-of-the-month,* and unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record will be sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members will pay $4.98, the nationally advertised price of RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records (plus a small charge for mailing).

BEGINNING MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE

The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven



Arturo Toscanini

CONDUCTING THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

IN AN ALBUM OF SEVEN 12-INCH LONG-PLAYING RECORDS FOR

$3.98

(plus a small charge for postage)

Nationally advertised price: $34.98

THE SOLE CONDITION IS THAT BEGINNING MEMBERS AGREE TO BUY SIX RCA VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS FROM THE SOCIETY DURING THE NEXT YEAR

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

V105-2

Please register me as a member and send me the seven-record *Toscanini-Beethoven Album* under the conditions stated at the left and above, billing me $3.98, plus postage. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from the Society. Thereafter, if I continue, for every two records I purchase from the Society, I will receive a third RCA VICTOR record, free. To maintain membership after the first year, I need buy only four records from the Society in any 12-month period.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

DEALER'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

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